HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1887.

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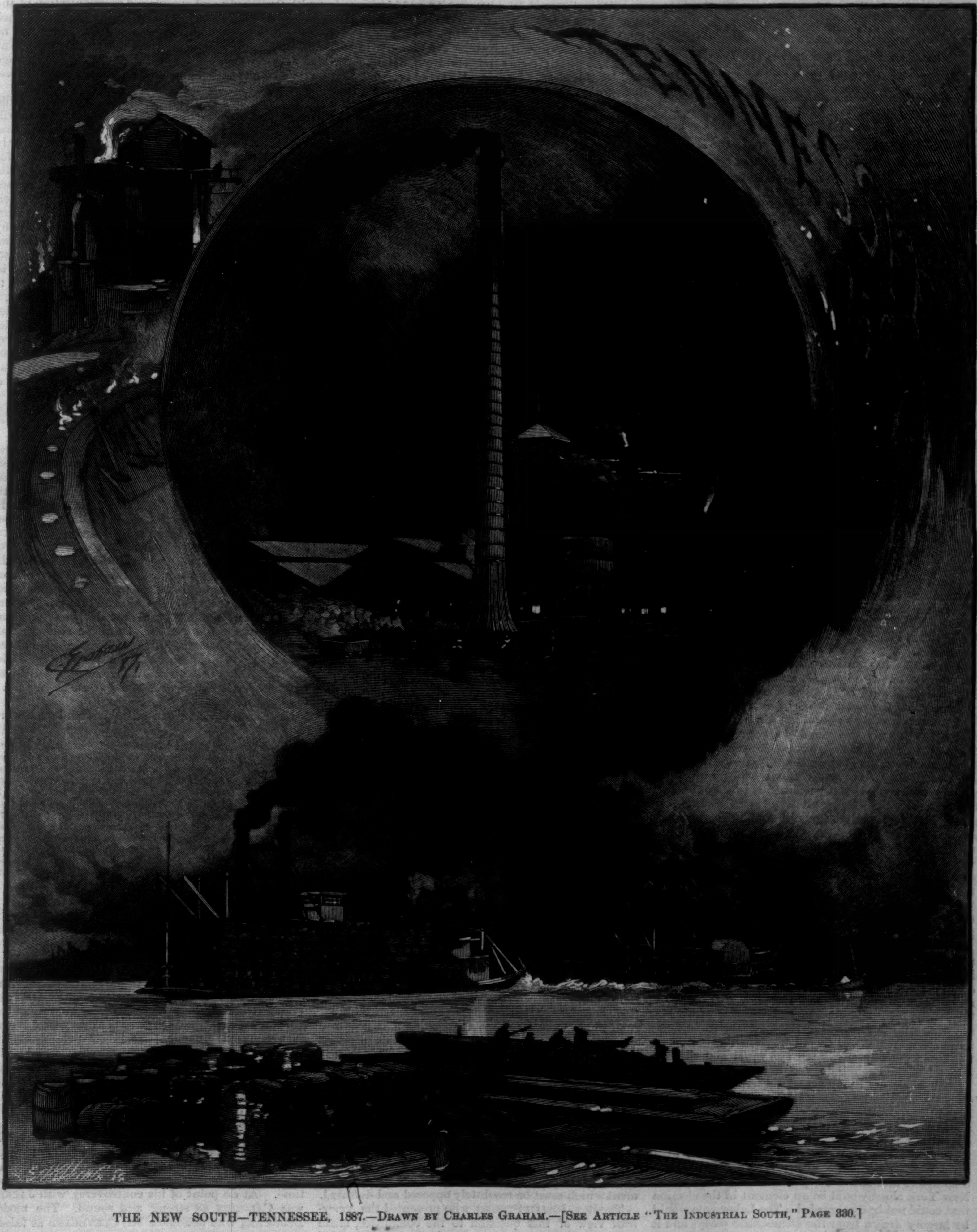

THE NEW SOUTH—TENNESSEE, 1887.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE ARTICLE "THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTH," PAGE 330.]

"The influence of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE is always on the side of what is good. Among its writers are the very best who are devoting their literary talents to the entertainment and instruction of the young."
—*Christian at Work.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The number for May 3 is an unusually rich one. It opens with a story for boys by MARGARET EMMA DITTO, *entitled "Lazarus," which is told with a great deal of dry humor.*

COLONEL DODGE'S *series of papers on Driving is continued, and* FRANKLIN SATTERTHWAITE *has an interesting article on "Pigeons as Pets."*

"Palissy the Potter" is the title of the third article in MR. GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE'S *series of "Heroes and Martyrs of Invention."*

The principal illustration is a handsome engraving, entitled

TÊTE-À-TÊTE,

FROM THE PAINTING BY C. E. DE BEAUMONT.

Other illustrations are "The Whistler," engraved after a drawing by J. H. MOSER; *an illustration by* FREDERIC DIELMAN *to "The Colonel's Money"; and drawings by* NEWELL, GRAY-PARKER, CULMER BARNES, *etc.*

Poetry by DORA READ GOODALE *and* SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1887.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE LATE RUMOR ABOUT THE PRESIDENT.

THE recent report that the President had stated that he would not accept a renomination was promptly denied. It was, of course, universally doubted, because it was highly improbable that a decision so important would be made public in the form of a conversation with a nameless "prominent Democratic Senator." But the universal interest in the rumor sprang from the fact that without great political ambition, and with a comparatively short political career, Mr. CLEVELAND, not officially only, but personally, is the most important political figure in the country. It is long since a President has made so deep a personal impression upon the public mind. General GRANT was an eminent historic figure, yet it was not as President, but as the successful leader of the Union army, that he commanded public gratitude and admiration. His civil administration hardly increased the national regard for him or strengthened his party. But General GRANT was the best known and most honored man in the country when he came to the Presidency, and his nomination was irresistible. Mr. CLEVELAND, on the other hand, was little known beyond his own city when he was elected Governor of New York, and it was only as Governor that he was known to the country when he was elected President. Except for the necessity of securing the vote of New York, and his acceptability to the voters outside of the Democratic party who would not support Mr. BLAINE, Mr. CLEVELAND would not have been nominated. Two years of his administration are now passed. A committee of the Reform League has expressed its opinion that, amid immense difficulties, much has been accomplished for administrative reform, while the observation of every man assures him that upon other subjects the President's general course has largely dissipated the vague distrust of his party, while it has convinced the country of his honest and patriotic purpose, and of his unusual courage and fidelity to his convictions. There are two years yet to come, but at present this is undoubtedly the general public impression, notwithstanding the many instances of violations of sound principles of administration and of inconsistency with his own views. With all abatements made, however, the favorable impression is such that he has become his own platform, and he would be largely supported, in the event of his renomination, by thousands of voters who are not Democrats, and who as yet see nothing that can be called practical Democratic principles or policy.

While the President's personality is thus pronounced, very significant political changes are taking place. The Prohibitionists, as a body, have gone out of the Republican party. Of this there are various signs. One is the fact that a few years since there were very few Methodist clergymen who were not enthusiastic and active Republicans, while now there are multitudes of them who as actively support the Prohibition movement. The rapid and regular increase of the Prohibition vote as against the Republican vote cannot be denied. The Labor movement, on the other hand, causes great concern to Democratic politicians. Whether it can succeed in organizing a united national party for the election next year—an organization which would require a great deal of money and the constant, active co-operation of a great number of managers—may be doubtful. But a complete and efficient organization in the State of New York alone would be an element in the election that could not be disregarded. The Labor vote would be largely drawn from the Democratic party, and it is a situation, therefore, which confuses Democratic calculations. Yet it is not a vote which would go to the Republicans, for the Republican cry of high protection does not attract the Labor vote, while its chief representative, Mr. HENRY GEORGE, is an unconditional free-trader. In this situation the withdrawal of the President as a candidate in 1888 would disconcert all estimates and previsions, imperfect as they must be in any case. It is not easy now to see any Democratic candidate upon whom the vote that would be given to Mr. CLEVELAND could be concentrated. There are many Republicans who would vote for him who would not vote for any other Democrat, unless the present situation should be essentially changed. There are certainly none of the older and familiar Democratic leaders who represent the views of Mr. CLEVELAND. Many of them who have spoken upon the subject, while they admit his popular strength and concede the inevitability of his renomination, are evidently not in cordial sympathy with him. Mr. HENDRICKS was their representative Democrat; Mr. CLEVELAND is not. Yet the President's popular strength comes largely from his independence of this class of leaders. He is the type of a new Democracy; that is to say, of the views and policy which younger Democrats, who have no sympathy with the old slavery and ante-bellum traditions of their party, hope now to make the party principles. The best manifesto of this class of Democrats, who have youth, ability, strong conviction, and generous enthusiasm, was the address of the Brooklyn Young Men's Democratic Club in 1885, before the inauguration, which declared the warmest adhesion to the principles that Mr. CLEVELAND had announced.

These young Democrats, indeed, are as yet very far from obtaining control of their party and directing its course. They may fail, as the reform Republicans failed. But if their principles are dearer to them than their party, something which hitherto has not been as true of such Democrats as of such Republicans, they would be a substantial force in the politics of the immediate future. This position of young Democrats is the more important because the bolt of 1884 seems to have withdrawn a large part of similar Republicans from active connection with the Republican party. At least within that party there appears to be at present no movement corresponding with that of the young Democracy. The Republican papers, indeed, insist that administrative reform is a Republican measure. But while it received its first impulse from Republicans under a Republican administration, it was never sincerely accepted nor generally carried out as a party policy, and there is no doubt that the warm support given by many reformers to Mr. CLEVELAND in 1884 has largely repelled active Republican sympathy from the movement, while in the debates upon nominations in the Senate the frank declaration of Senators HARRISON and INGALLS show how very far reform is from being an accepted Republican principle or policy. This is further illustrated by the fact that the most conspicuous candidates for the Republican nomination are not known to be friendly to reform, which, indeed, Mr. SHERMAN in his recent careful speech did not think worthy even of mention among pending public questions. The hatred of the Republican press for Mugwumps, and the warning that the Mugwump vote is not wanted in 1888, as if it were penitentially begging to be received, are not favorable signs of Republican common-sense, or of a serious political purpose. In such a situation the strength of Mr. CLEVELAND, without regard to his party, is obvious; and the rumor of his withdrawal, by suggesting the probable consequences of such a step, has made it only more evident.

A BLOW AT THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.

WE have already called attention to the bill admitting the Catholic Protectory in New York to a share in the public-school money. The project was lately considered by the Senate committee. But the proposition explains itself. It is simply an initial movement to overthrow the fundamental principle of the public schools, which is non-sectarianism. The Protectory is an institution to which children are committed by public authority, and to which for care of the children a certain sum is paid. The Protectory now asks to be paid additionally and expressly for the exclusively sectarian education which it gives to the children. The object of the demand is plain. The Catholic Church requires the instruction of its children in Catholic schools wherever it is possible, and the establishment of parochial schools in every parish. This is wholly within its right, although it is not a wise course for the community. But if any Church or sect chooses to establish and maintain schools for the dissemination of its faith or in the interest of its faith, and to transfer its children from the public schools to its own schools, it is doing only what it has a right to do. But under any pretext whatever to demand a share of the public-school money for the support of denominational schools is the beginning of a radical and mischievous movement which must be resolutely opposed and defeated.

The Rev. JOSIAH STRONG, who presented the American view of this question to the committee, made many strong points, and among them this: That the sectarian schools which apply for the public money are mainly composed of foreign-born children or those of parents who are foreign-born. Now in a country like this, flooded with immigration, one of the most indispensable conditions of the national welfare is the rapid Americanization of the immigrant or foreign-born population. Whatever tends to prolong its foreign quality is a distinct public peril. The public schools are the great arena of assimilation. It is by early and constant association with native Americans that the children of foreign association are really Americanized. The true patriotic policy therefore is the support of public non-sectarian, not of private sectarian, schools. The support of the latter, of course, is entirely at the option of those who prefer them. But under the circumstances of the country they interfere necessarily with the speedy and complete Americanization of the children, and they should receive no countenance from those who hold that citizens of foreign birth or under foreign associations and influence should be as rapidly as possible familiarized with our language and customs and character, and with the distinctively national spirit.

It is evident that the persistence and skill of the enemies of the American public-school system will require the unceasing vigilance of the friends of that system. There is but one Church which constantly renews the effort, under various pleas, to secure for itself a share of the school money. Other sects maintain schools of their own, but they do not denounce the public schools, nor require that children of their communion shall be taught only in their denominational schools. It is greatly to be regretted that any religious denomination should take this position. But all public aid to such an enterprise must be resolutely opposed. In the present case the aid could be given only upon the theory that the Protectory, to which children are committed by public authority, if it gives instruction to the children, must be regarded as a public school. But this point has been decided by the Court of Appeals in the case of the Colored Protectory, which claimed exemption from taxation as a public school. The court held that it was not such a school, and the judgment would apply, of course, to the Catholic Protectory.

MR. LAMAR UPON CALHOUN.

THE unveiling of the statue of CALHOUN in Charleston, South Carolina, was an event of national interest and importance because of the oration of Secretary LAMAR. Mr. LAMAR was one of the ablest of the Southern statesmen who held with Mr. CALHOUN. He was one of the sincerest of Secessionists, but with perfect good faith he has accepted the final settlement of the tremendous controversy. His character, his official career, and this strong, lucid, and simple discourse make him an admirable representative of those who honestly maintained the logical consequences of the CALHOUN theory of the Union and the government. Mr. LAMAR now speaks for the political conviction and courage of the old "South," as in his remarks upon the death of CHARLES SUMNER he spoke for its magnanimity, and his position is the complete refutation of the assertion that he and his friends are "disloyal" to the government, or are to be opposed as enemies of the Union.

No honorable man can misunderstand such words as these:

> "I have prefaced what I have to say of Mr. CALHOUN with this brief sketch of the controversy in which he bore a part, because I believe if he were here to-day, and could see his own South Carolina—the land of RUTLEDGE, MOULTRIE, LAWRENCE, HAYNE, LOWNDES, SUMTER, and MARION—restored, largely through the efforts of her lion-hearted HAMPTON, to her proud position of dignity and equality in the Union, he would say to her that the great controversy being closed at the ballot-box, closed by the arbitrament of war, and above all closed by the Constitution, always deemed sacred and inviolable by her, she sacrifices no principle and falsifies no sentiment in accepting the verdict, determined henceforth to seek the happiness of her people, their greatness and glory, in the greatness and glory of the American republic."

In regard to slavery, Mr. LAMAR says that

> "Mr. CALHOUN never entertained or expressed a sentiment that was not entertained and expressed by HENRY CLAY, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, DANIEL WEBSTER, and all the eminent statesmen of his time."

And he adds that if the American people were to propose to re-establish slavery in the Southern States, the people of those States would not accept it as a boon. We cite these remarks as of universal interest and significance to the country, and as illustrations of the actual situation. The whole oration is a comprehensive and thoughtful estimate of the character and ability of CALHOUN; and no American of true and generous patriotism can read such words as we have quoted, knowing them to be sincere, without renewed faith and pride in his country and his fellow-countrymen.

Mr. LAMAR states much more fully and clearly than appears in the memoirs of CALHOUN the position of that statesman upon the question of administrative reform. His report and speeches fifty years ago are, as Mr. LAMAR says, most pertinent to the present time. At no point of his controversy with JACKSON was CALHOUN so strong and sound. The modern Democrats who denounce Mr. CLEVELAND as false to his party because of his position upon this subject are ignorant of the fact that Jefferson and Calhoun both held Mr. Cleveland's opinions. Mr. Lamar quotes from Mr. Calhoun's report upon Executive patronage in February, 1835:

> "So long as offices were considered as public trusts, to be conferred on the honest, the faithful, and capable for the common good, and not for the benefit or gain of the incumbent or his party, and so long as it was the practice of the Government to continue in office those who faithfully performed their duties, its patronage, in point of fact, was limited to the mere power of nominating to accidental vacancies or to newly created offices, and could, of course, exercise but a moderate influence either over the body of the community or of the office-holders themselves; and when the practice was reversed, when offices, instead of being considered as public trusts to be conferred on the deserving, were regarded as the spoils of victory to be bestowed as rewards for partisan services without respect to merit, when it came to be understood that all who held office held by the tenure of partisan zeal and party service, it is easy to see that the certain, direct, and inevitable tendency of such a state of things is to convert the entire body of those in office into corrupt and supple instruments of power, and to raise up a host of hungry, greedy, and subservient partisans, ready for any service, however base and corrupt. Were a premium offered for the best means of extending to the utmost the power of patronage, to destroy love of country, to encourage vice and discourage virtue, and, in a word, to prepare for the subversion of liberty and the establishment of despotism, no scheme more perfect could be devised; and such must be the tendency of the practice, with whatever intention adopted, or to whatever extent pursued."

If there be any more trenchant description of the evils of the spoils system we have not seen it, and those who try to belittle the question of reform as a trivial scheme of school-boy examinations may see in these words of Calhoun, and in the similar expressions of Webster and Clay, that they took a very different view. The oration of Mr. Lamar is a signal public service, because it promotes a clearer national understanding and a stronger common confidence. It will be very hard to conduct another election campaign upon a platform of fear of rebel brigadiers.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

The squabble in the New York Senate was unbecoming, and belongs to the domain of "pea-nut politics." But there is an important question involved in this dispute between the Governor and the Senate. Is the constitutional power of confirmation to be fairly regarded as a partisan check upon the Executive to be applied at discretion? If the Governor makes a nomination to fill a vacancy, is there any question that the constitutional intention is that the Senate at the earliest moment shall inquire whether the nominee is, for any reason connected with the office, unfit to discharge its duties, and if he is not, that it shall promptly confirm him? Thus the nominations of last year for Health-officer and Quarantine Commissioners were known to be unexceptionable. Was, then, the practical refusal to confirm, for partisan reasons, a truly constitutional act?

The Senate will undoubtedly judge for itself the scope of its own power in this respect. But as the partisan reasons of its action are perfectly well known, although there is no power to compel it to confirm constitutionally, yet as its refusal is made for a party purpose, it may wisely consider whether that purpose will be gained. The majority in the Senate is Republican. Its conduct, therefore, is one of the considerations that will commend the party to public favor or disfavor. Now the prostitution of the power of confirmation to a wholly partisan or personal object does not command the approval of good citizens. The Senate of the United States might as legitimately refuse for partisan reasons to confirm a fit Secretary of State as the Senate of New York upon similar illicit grounds refuse to confirm a fit Health-officer when properly nominated.

Of course if Governor Hill had a proper regard for the public service he would have renominated Mr. Baker to be Superintendent of Prisons—a position for which he has proved his ability, and his continuance in which would be a public service. But his official term has expired. There is a vacancy in the office, and if another man, honest and competent, is nominated, the Senate should confirm him, because it cannot compel the reappointment of Mr. Baker. If the object be to retain good officers—and there can be no better object—the way to attain it is to repeal the limit of the term. The whole squabble would have been avoided if the Lieutenant-Governor had submitted to the Senate the question of suspending the roll-call.

TESTING TEACHERS' QUALIFICATIONS.

The bill for testing the qualifications of school-teachers in the State of New York was lost in the Assembly by the want of ten votes. Speaker Husted took charge of it, and he hopes that it will yet pass, as the attendance was not large, and some of the Republicans dodged the vote. As the chief objection to the bill was the alleged opposition of the School Commissioners, it is a very important fact that ninety-five per cent. of the Commissioners have united in urging the passage of the law, while the six school-teachers of the city of New York who appeared in opposition to the bill two months ago have now written a letter withdrawing all opposition.

Mr. Husted's amendments, which were adopted, except from examination teachers now employed in New York and Brooklyn, where the present examinations are understood to be of an adequate grade, and the amendments also allow certificates to be issued without examination to college graduates of three years' experience as teachers. This also is reasonable, as a college diploma is *prima facie* evidence of the necessary attainment.

The general principle of the bill is sound, and the opposition consists mainly of a cry of despotism and centralization. But the superintendency of public instruction vested in one person is open to the same cry. A cardinal function of such an officer should be the maintenance of a uniform and proper standard of excellence, and to that end he should be intrusted with adequate authority. If the Superintendent cannot be trusted with such power as this bill confers, his office should be abolished. Undoubtedly it is an office which can be politically abused. But the remedy for such abuse does not lie in stripping the office of authority that fairly belongs to it. We hope that the few doubting Assemblymen will reconsider the question carefully.

SUNDAY LIQUOR-SELLING.

General Grant said that the best way to dispose of a bad law is to try to enforce it thoroughly. Then abstract opposition becomes a practical determination to secure modification or repeal. This is probably the feeling of Mayor Hewitt regarding the law regulating liquor-selling on Sunday. The Police Department, he says in his letter to Mr. Geigerich, tells him that it is not possible to enforce it, and while he wishes that it were otherwise, the Mayor is compelled to agree with the Department. The enforcement of the present law at Delmonico's, the Brunswick, and similar resorts is supposed to be only a "spurt," like such action in the past, and it is not generally believed that the sale of liquor on Sunday can be absolutely prevented.

It is the Mayor's opinion that the impracticability of a real enforcement of the law, in the present state of public opinion, leads to a virtually unrestricted traffic in intoxicating drinks on Sunday. In view of the habits of a large part of the population of the city who have been "brought up to use beer and wine during such hours of recreation as they might find on the Sabbath day," and who feel aggrieved by the law as it stands, the Mayor favors a special license to "a moderate number of reputable places of entertainment, where beer and light wines may be procured." This plan he advocates in the interest of temperance reform, and for no other reason, and as the only condition under which the present law can be executed.

Undoubtedly the majority of intelligent citizens agree with the Mayor that absolute repression of the sale is impracticable. If that be so, some wise regulation which would so restrict it as to produce the least practicable mischief is the course to be pursued. The treatment of the subject is a question of expediency. The total suppression of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor is at present wholly impracticable. The only question therefore is one of regulation, and the Mayor's views are as sound as any that have been made public.

THE CANADIAN TROUBLE.

The friendly disposition of the British Government in the matter of the fisheries may be inferred from the remarks of Lord Salisbury in his speech at the opening of the Colonial Conference in London, from his proposition in regard to extending the provisions of the Treaty of Washington, and from the natural reluctance of Great Britain to enter upon hostilities with the United States during the excitement of the Irish situation. In his speech at the Colonial Conference the Prime-Minister said, "To take a case—which I think I may take freely, because I believe it to be absolutely impossible—suppose there were any difference between ourselves and America on matters connected with Canada," etc.

This is not a very belligerent tone, and there is no reason to doubt that it is the sentiment of the British Government. Lord Salisbury's proposition is denounced in Toronto as a surrender of Canadian interests, while at Gloucester it is pronounced impudent. The President has put the question upon the true ground. It is not a sectional question, nor one of the fisheries' interest only; it is a question of treaty rights, and therefore a national question.

But since it is so, since we cannot agree upon the interpretation of the treaty of 1818, what is the resource for two friendly powers? This question is not answered by saying that Great Britain is tyrannical, selfish, and grasping. Nobody proposes to surrender any American right. But when a difference arises, it can be settled in one of two ways—by a friendly understanding or by war. If we prefer to try the first, we must also choose the conditions that make it practicable. But we have made the situation very difficult. We can retaliate, or we can declare non-intercourse. But whichever course we may choose to take, sooner or later we must come to an understanding amicably or fight.

THE BROOKLYN PARK.

If there is any man whose views in regard to the proper care and character of a park or of any scene of natural beauty should be respected, it is Mr. Hamilton Gibson, the artist, whose exquisite pictures of such scenes show the perception and sympathy which the proper treatment of parks and "landscape architecture" requires. His letters to the Brooklyn *Eagle* and to the *Evening Post* in New York in regard to the desecration and ravage of Prospect Park in Brooklyn must be accepted as those of a man who knows completely what he is talking about, and who cannot be suspected of any personal or sinister motive whatever. His exposure of the offence and his warm condemnation of the offenders are illustrations of a public spirit which is our only defence against the enormous and irremediable mischief which can be done by ignorant or designing men in important public positions.

We had heard already some account of the devastations which were committed in Prospect Park under the authority of the Commissioners. But Mr. Gibson, upon seeing the wanton destruction by axe and fire of noble trees and beautiful shrubbery, has raised a voice that has been already heard, and will be further heard, we trust, to the great benefit of the public, by arresting the continuance of the wrong. To his first challenge the Park Commission replied, as Mr. Gibson says, through a convenient scribe, that they had been simply "clearing out a lot of ailanthus-trees."

> "To this I replied with a second letter of re-enforcement, in which I reiterated the charges, and made them as specific and detailed as possible, showing, as the result of actual count and laborious and perfectly satisfactory indentification, that over two hundred trees had been felled in one small area, and that these trees embraced large and beautiful examples of white birch, black birch, willows, elms, poplars, sweet-gum, flowering dogwood, hornbeams, European alders, nettle-trees, young maples, and numberless other examples of the minor sylvæ, representing the most beautiful piece of underwood to be found in any park, all totally and ruthlessly destroyed—mowed down as with a scythe. I urged the public to visit the place and examine the proofs, and called pointed attention to the huge logs which lay about in the vicinity."

After a week of silence and of bonfires to consume as far as possible the chips and other evidence of ill-doing, the Commission retorted with a general denial, despite a formidable and conclusive wood-pile seventy-five by forty feet, which has been photographed, containing plain logs of many valuable kinds of trees, and despite also the knowledge of frequenters of the Park who have seen all that Mr. Gibson reports. One of them said, before he had seen Mr. Gibson's letters, "The most beautiful part of the Park has been ruined." The Commission, however, conscious of the public interest awakened by Mr. Gibson's earnest feeling and strong statements, have offered to refer the question to acknowledged horticultural experts, and Mr. Gibson has accepted the offer.

There is probably no person in the country whose opinion upon the subject would command more weight than Mr. Olmsted's, and we hope that he will be invited to serve upon the jury of experts, with other excellent authorities in the neighborhood who might serve to the entire satisfaction of the community. Mr. Gibson's part in the affair is that of a public-spirited citizen, who, being thoroughly competent to understand the wrong, has had the courage plainly and vigorously to expose it and denounce it, and to arraign the responsible agents, setting in this way an example worthy of universal imitation. The sad ravages and ruin of natural beauty which he describes are an illustration of the consequences of selecting public officers for reasons which are in no way connected with the service which they are appointed to perform. The proper care of a park requires either special knowledge and interest in the laying out of pleasure-grounds, or the good sense to be guided by those who have such qualifications. For without them the loveliest grounds will be ruined, immense sums of money will be wasted, and great public wrongs will be committed.

PERSONAL.

The possession of social gifts is sometimes of advantage to an artist. Mr. Hubert Herkomer, while in this country, pleased people enough to receive their orders for portraits at $2500 apiece. He talked well, and made himself agreeable generally. M. Chelminski got $5000 from a citizen of St. Paul by painting his children, his horse, and himself during a visit to that city, and has gone home with a small fortune. M. Bertier, who came over with M. Munkacsy, has been so successful that he has taken a studio in New York. A prominent art dealer explains all these successes as due to the social gifts of the respective artists.

—A solid silver hatchet found recently in Sonora will soon adorn the museum of Princeton College. It weighs 100 ounces, or a little over eight pounds, and, as bullion, is valued at a dollar an ounce. It is four inches in length, is wedge-shaped, and was evidently hammered by some prehistoric people. It was brought to San Francisco, and was purchased for $150 by Mr. Henry G. Marquand, who will present it to his college.

—Admiral Farragut's flag-ship, the *Hartford*, is the only one of the old naval hulks at Mare Island Navy-yard which has not been condemned. The sloops *Lackawanna*, *Shenandoah*, *Wachusett*, and *Cyane* have been ordered sold. The *Lackawanna* was in the bombardment of Mobile, and while ramming the rebel ship *Tennessee* tore off about twenty-five feet of the side of Farragut's flag-ship. The old Admiral looked over the side and shouted, "Go ahead, boys; there are some fire-boards left."

—Mr. St. Gaudens's fine bass-relief of the late painter M. Bastien-Lepage now hangs in the studio of that sculptor, who, in common with other friends of Bastien-Lepage, is exerting himself to raise money to finish the monument now erecting to him in his native town of Danvillers, France. To Americans M. Bastien-Lepage is known almost exclusively through a single picture, the famous "Joan of Arc."

—Dion Boucicault has been telling that his slender waist and youthful air are due to always rising from the table hungry. Mr. George W. Childs has a complexion like a fresh apple, and he seldom eats anything at the great dinners he gives, and touches neither tea nor coffee.

—Mr. Eadweard Muybridge has just completed the plates of his work on "Animal Locomotion," with reproductions of nearly 20,000 instantaneous photographs of men and animals in almost every imaginable position, representing part of the investigation carried on by the University of Pennsylvania.

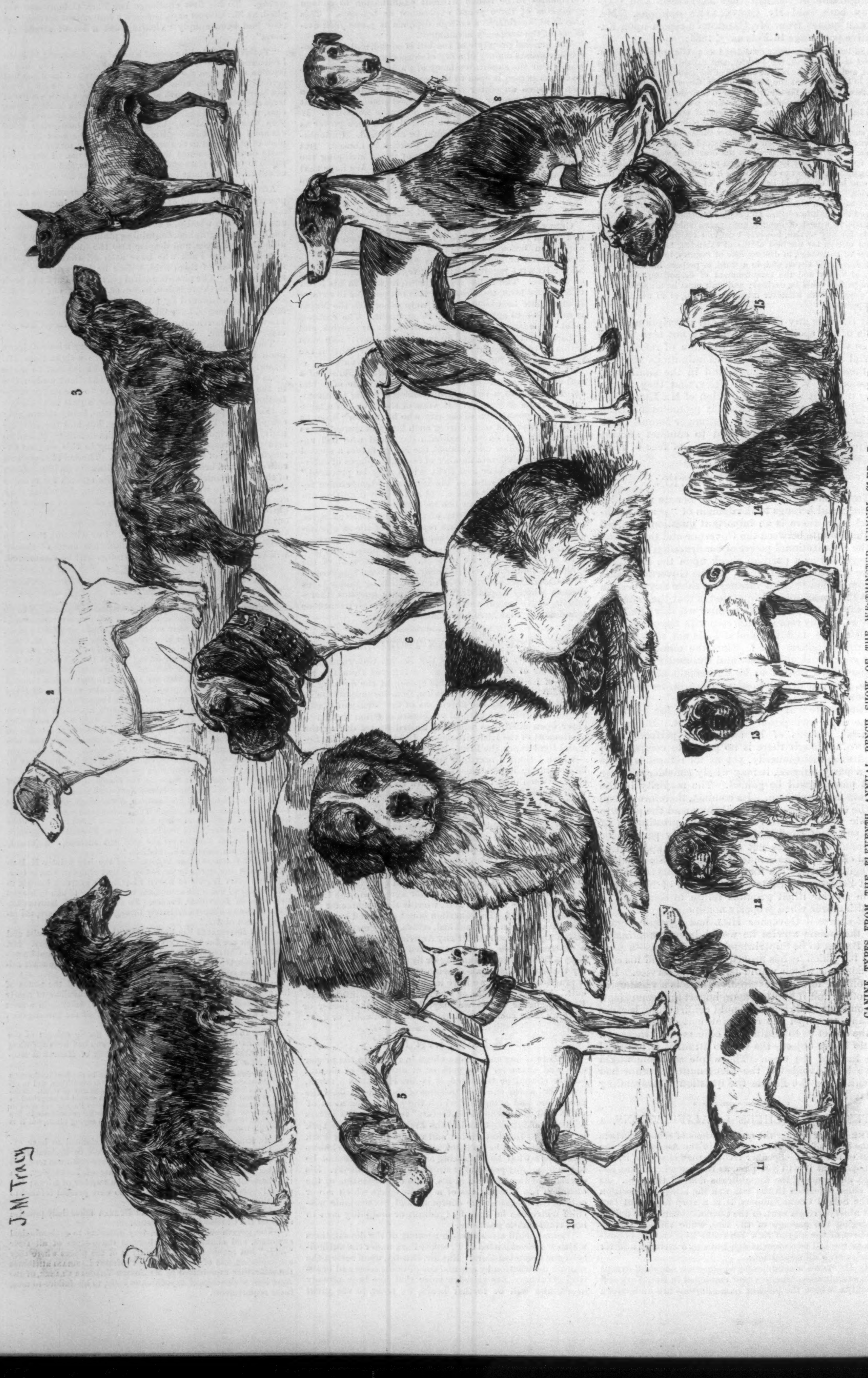
—The following appears in the literary gossip column of the Chicago *Evening Journal*: "An American who has been spending some months in England pays the periodicals of Harper & Brothers, New York, a very high compliment:

> "'Harper's Monthly,' he says, 'is oftener seen in the best book-stalls and reading-rooms of London than are the London monthlies, and is regarded as a better magazine by literary people than any of them. Harper's Weekly is also very popular there, and you would be surprised to see how often Harper's Bazar and Harper's Young People are seen in the hands of English readers. There are no better periodicals in the world than those issued by the Harpers. This is saying much, but it is the simple truth.'"

—Mr. Richard Hodgson, of London, who claimed to have exposed the pretensions to "astral" powers made by Madame Blavatsky, has been visiting in Boston, where a reception was tendered him by Professor Watson, of the Institute of Technology. In the course of the afternoon he explained a number of tricks; but several representatives of Theosophy who were present refused to have their faith shaken.

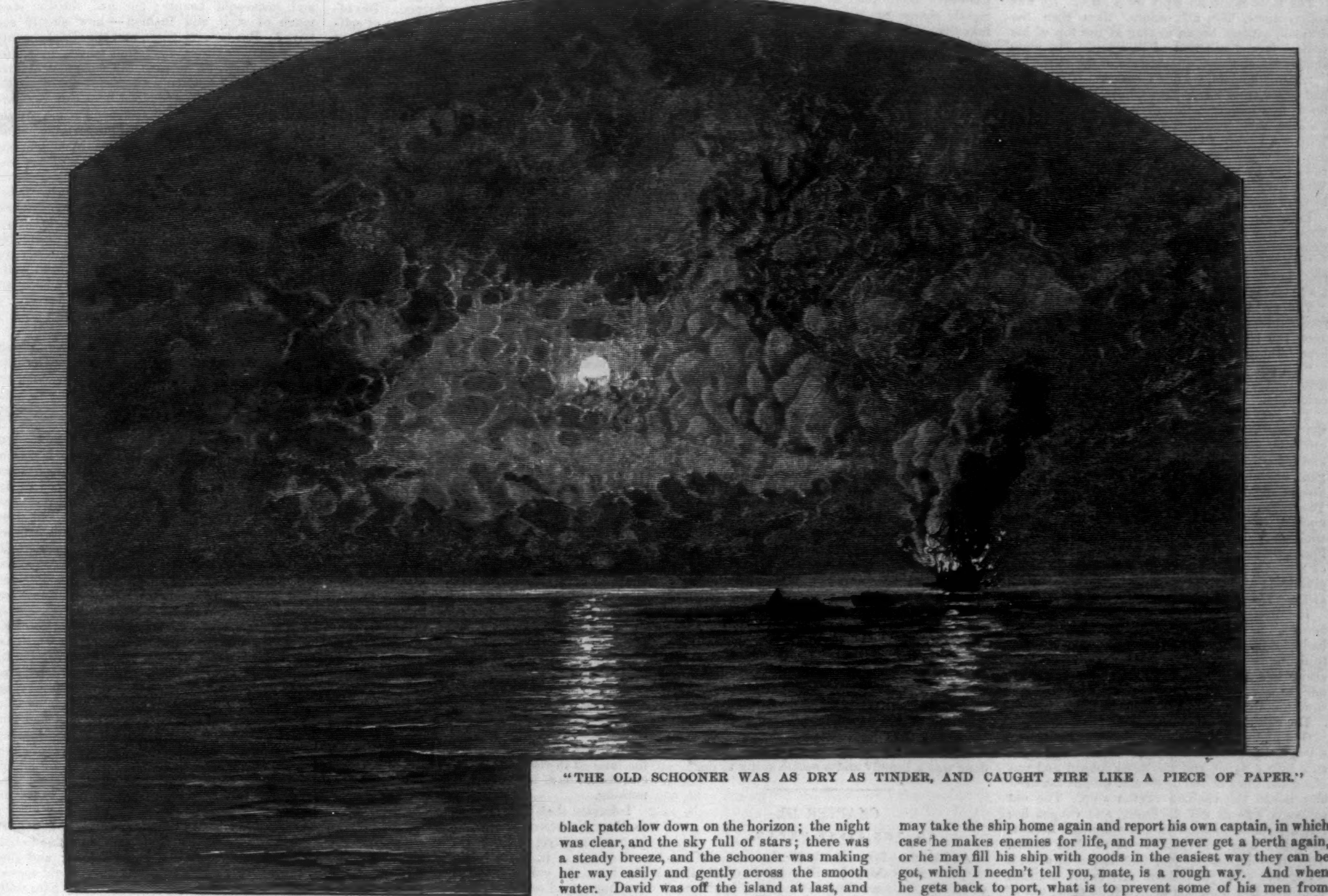
—The English champion oarsman Bubear takes daily practice spins on the Charles River, at Boston.

—The government of Italy is very generous to archæological explorers, and allows them to become the owners of all their "finds," but requires them to notify it of the places where they are exploring, and of their results. Professor Lanciani attributes the difficulties experienced by Mr. Joseph Thacher Clarke, of the American archæological expedition to Italy, to his failure to meet these requirements.



CANINE TYPES FROM THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL BENCH SHOW OF THE WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB.—Drawn by J. M. Tracy.—[See Page 331.]

1. Collie. 2. Fox-Terrier. 3. Field-Spaniel. 4. Black-and-Tan Terrier. 5. Fox-Hound. 6. Mastiff. 7, 8. Greyhounds. 9. St. Bernard. 10. Bull-Terrier. 11. Beagle. 12. King Charles Spaniel. 13. Pug. 14, 15. Yorkshire Terriers. 16. Bull-Dog.



"THE OLD SCHOONER WAS AS DRY AS TINDER, AND CAUGHT FIRE LIKE A PIECE OF PAPER."

TO CALL HER MINE.

By WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER II.—(*Continued.*)

A JONAH COME ABOARD.

THAT evening the rescued man, David Leighan, sat on the deck with his friend the mate. They had a bottle of rum between them and a pannikin apiece. The island of New Ireland was now a black patch low down on the horizon; the night was clear, and the sky full of stars; there was a steady breeze, and the schooner was making her way easily and gently across the smooth water. David was off the island at last, and once more free to return to England; yet he did not look happier; on the contrary, the gloom upon his face was blacker than ever.

"The skipper," said the mate, "is drunk again. He's been drunk since we sailed out of port. Don't you never ship with a skipper that is drunk all day long. Once in a way—say of a Saturday night, when a man may expect it—there's no harm done; and not much when the fit takes him now and then in an uncertain way, though it may put the men about more than a bit. Whereas, you see, the captain has got the owners' private instructions—those which they don't write down. He knows how far he may go with the natives, and where he's to draw the line. So that if he's always drunk, what is the mate to do? Either he may take the ship home again and report his own captain, in which case he makes enemies for life, and may never get a berth again, or he may fill his ship with goods in the easiest way they can be got, which I needn't tell you, mate, is a rough way. And when he gets back to port, what is to prevent some of his men from rounding on that, mate? Then all the blame falls on him, and he is prosecuted, because it will be shown on evidence that the captain was drunk all the time. Either way, therefore, the mate gets the worst of it. Sometimes I think it would be best for him to join the captain. Then the command would devolve upon the bo's'n, and how he'd get *his* goods everybody knows."

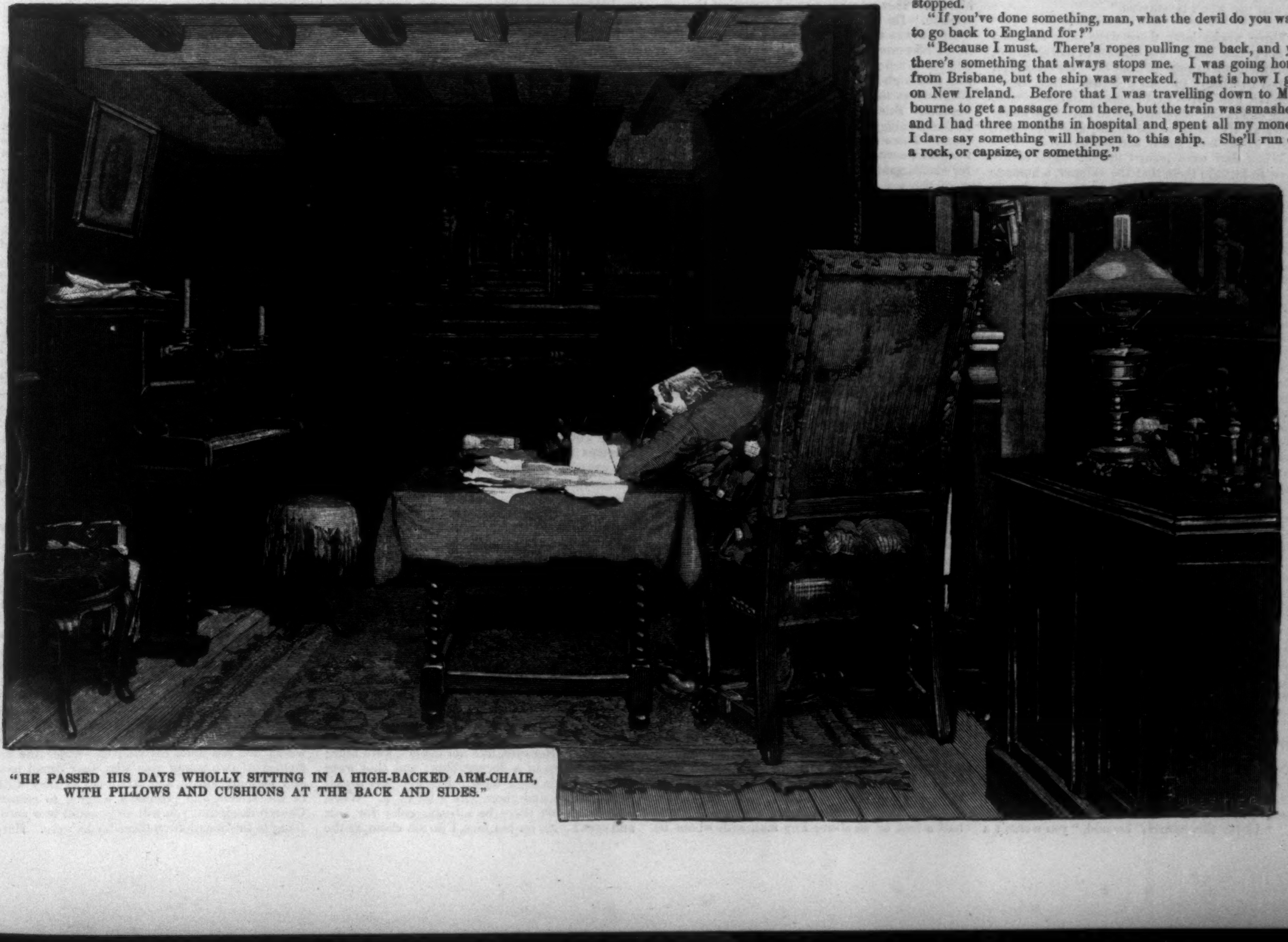
The officer was loquacious, and talked on about his trade and its difficulties, not at first observing that his companion took no interest in it.

"Seems as if you're sorry you've left the island," he said, presently, remarking a certain absence of sympathy.

"I wish I had staid there," said David, with a groan. "There at least I was safe, except for the—the Thing at night; whereas if I get back to England, supposing I ever do—" Here he stopped.

"If you've done something, man, what the devil do you want to go back to England for?"

"Because I must. There's ropes pulling me back, and yet there's something that always stops me. I was going home from Brisbane, but the ship was wrecked. That is how I got on New Ireland. Before that I was travelling down to Melbourne to get a passage from there, but the train was smashed, and I had three months in hospital and spent all my money. I dare say something will happen to this ship. She'll run on a rock, or capsize, or something."



"HE PASSED HIS DAYS WHOLLY SITTING IN A HIGH-BACKED ARM-CHAIR, WITH PILLOWS AND CUSHIONS AT THE BACK AND SIDES."

The mate made no reply for a little. He was superstitious, like all sailors. Just then the drunken captain began to sing at the top of his voice. It was a sound of ill omen. The mate shuddered, and took another sip of the rum.

"Man," he said, "I don't like it. If the crew had heard them words they'd have had you overboard in a minute. Don't tell me they wouldn't, because they would, and think nothing of it. This is a voyage where we want all the luck we can get; not to have our honest endeavors thwarted by such an unlucky devil as yourself. Well, I won't tell them. But keep a quiet tongue in your head. And now go below and turn in."

Later on, the mate was able to turn in for an hour. His passenger was sitting up in bed remonstrating with some invisible person.

"I am going home," he said, "as fast as I can go. Leave me in peace. I am going home, and I will confess everything."

The mate asked him what he was doing, but received no answer, for the man had fallen back upon the pillow and was fast asleep. He had been talking in his sleep.

"I'll put him ashore," said the mate, "at the first land we make where he won't be eaten by cannibals. I believe he's committed a murder."

The next day, and the next, and for many days, the vessel sailed among the islands of the Southern seas. But David grew daily more miserable and more despondent; his face looked more haggard, and his eyes became more hollow. He was dismal when sober, and despairing when drunk. The mate left him now altogether alone, and none of the ship's company, who regarded him with doubtful if not unfriendly eyes, spoke to him. So that he was able to revel in the luxury of repentance, and to taste beforehand, in imagination, the pleasures of the atonement which awaited him.

It proved a most unlucky voyage. They lost two men in an encounter with the natives; they had no success in trading; the captain continued to drink, and the mate wished devoutly that the cruise was finished, and the ship back in port, if only to have done with a voyage which he foresaw would continue as it had begun.

The end came unexpectedly.

One night the watch on deck were startled by a bright light in the captain's cabin. The light shot into a flame, and the flame leaped and ran along the sides of the cabin and caught the deck and licked the timbers of the ship. The old schooner was as dry as tinder, and caught fire like a piece of paper. In five minutes it became apparent that they must take to their boats. This they did, having just time to put in a little water and some provisions. As to the drunken man who had done the mischief, he came out of the burning cabin and danced and sang until the flames dragged him down.

In the fierce glare of the burning ship the mate looked at David reproachfully, implying that this misfortune was entirely due to his presence.

"Even now," he whispered, "I will not tell the men you have ruined the voyage, burned the ship, killed the captain, and maybe will kill us as well. What have you done that we should be punished like this for taking you on board? Is it—is it murder?"

David nodded his head gloomily.

"Then," said the mate, "whatever happens to us, you'll get safe ashore. You won't be drowned, and you won't be starved."

Three weeks later there were only two survivors in that boat. The other men had all drunk sea-water, and so gone mad one after the other, and leaped overboard in their delirium. Only David Leighan was left with the mate, and they were lying one in the bows and one in the stern, as far apart as the boat would allow, and they were black in the face, gaunt, and hollow-eyed.

When they were picked up, the signs of life were so faint in them that the skipper, a humane person, took counsel with his mate whether it would not save the poor men trouble to drop them into the water at once. But in the end, as there was just the least and faintest pulse possible, he hoisted them aboard and laid them on the deck, with their heads propped up. Then, the ship having no doctor aboard, he began to administer whiskey and rum in alternate spoonfuls, so that the dying men got so drunk that they could no longer die with any dignity. They therefore recovered, and sat up, gazing about them with rolling heads and vacuous eyes. Then they fell back, and went sound asleep for six hours. At the end of this time the misery of the long fasting began again with pangs intolerable. But the captain rose to the occasion. Pea-soup, also exhibited in spoonfuls, proved a specific. Next day they had boiled pork; and the day after, sea-pie. Now the man who can eat sea-pie can eat anything. The two survivors of the unlucky schooner were once more well and hearty.

For the rest of the voyage the rescued mate kept aloof from the rescued passenger. He would not speak to him; he avoided that part of the ship where he happened to be. As for the latter, he found a place abaft near the helm, where he could sit upon a coil of rope, his head upon his knees. And there he remained, gloomy and silent.

There was trouble, too. First, the ship sprang a leak, and the pumps had to be worked. Next, there was a bad storm, and the mizzen-mast went by the board. Thirdly, a fire broke out, and was subdued with difficulty. However, the ship at last sighted land, and arrived, battered and shattered, at the port of Sydney.

When they landed, and not till then, the rescued mate spoke his mind.

First he went to the house of Hengstenburg & Co., where he presented the Baron's draft, gave news of his safety, and touched the money. He then led his passenger to a drinking saloon, and entered into a serious conversation with him.

"As for this money," he said, "you weren't a passenger more than a few days, and I can't rightly charge you much. Take fifteen, and I'll take five. With fifteen pounds you can get home, which I take to be your desire, and give yourself up, which I take to be your duty." It will be understood that the unfortunate David, in the extremity of his starvation and remorse, had been talking.

"A Providence it is," said the mate, "that where so many honest fellows were took, I was spared, else you would never have had this money, and you wouldn't therefore have been able to give yourself up, and you would never have been hung. A clear Providence it is, and you must regard it as such, and remember it when they take you out comfortably with the chaplain and the rope."

David took the money, rolled it up in a rag, and placed it in his pocket, but said nothing.

"I don't want," continued the mate, "to hurt your feelings, but if you could go home on a raft by yourself, or, being a Jonah—"

"What is a Jonah?"

"—Being a Jonah in a whale's belly, it would be kind and considerate, and might save many valuable lives. As for me, I don't mind owning up that if I was to find myself aboard with you again, after all I've gone through, and you carrying about wherever you go an infernal invisible ghost, and talking and confessing to him every night—I say, if I was to find myself aboard with you again, I'd get into the dingy and row ashore by myself; I would, if it was in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean."

David groaned.

Then the mate moralized upon the situation. Strange to say, he took something of the line previously taken by Baron Sergius.

"One fine ship wrecked, and all her crew, for aught I know, cast away; another tight schooner burnt, and the captain and all the crew killed, except you and me; and a third ship half burned, and brought water-logged into port—and all along of you! Blow me! if you'd knifed a bishop there couldn't have been more fuss made. I won't reproach you, my lad, because you've got your ghost to do that every night, and because you've got to face the racket of the chaplain and the rope and the long drop; but considering the mischief you've done, I wish to put it to you that what you've done was a beastly and a selfish thing to do."

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST DREAM.

At half past four exactly Mr. Leighan, of Gratnor, commonly called Daniel Leighan, or Old Dan, or Mr. Daniel, according to the social position of those who spoke of him, awoke with a start from his afternoon nap. Mr. Leighan always took his dinner at one; after his dinner he took a tumbler of brandy and water, hot, with two lumps of sugar and a slice of lemon—as his grandfather had done before him, only that the ancestral drink was rum, and the brew was called "punch." With the glass of brandy and water he took a pipe of tobacco. This brought him, regularly and exactly, to half past two. He then knocked out the ashes, laid down his pipe, pulled his silk handkerchief over his head—which kept off the draught in winter and flies in summer—and went to sleep till half past four, when he woke up and had his tea. This was his way of spending the afternoon. He had never varied that way, even when he was a young man and active; and now he would never attempt to vary it, for he was old and paralyzed; and he passed his days wholly sitting in a high-backed arm-chair, with pillows and cushions at the back and sides, and a stool for his feet. From eight in the morning until nine in the evening he lived in that chair and in that room. There was always a wood fire burning in the grate, even on such a hot summer day as this; for Challacombe is a thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the clouds roll up the valleys of the Teign and the Bovey from the sea, or they roll down from the Tors and the Downs and envelop it, so that half the year one lives in cloud. This makes it a damp and trying air, so that the domestic hearth at Challacombe is like the altar of Vesta, being never quenched, even in July and August.

Old Dan—we all belong, I am sure, to the upper circles, and can therefore permit ourselves this familiarity—was now white-haired, and advanced in years, but not so old as he looked by a good many years. His locks were long, but, though certainly impressive, they did not, as in another and a famous historical case, cause him therefore to look benevolent. Perhaps this was because he wore a black skull-cap—a thing which, like a biretta, generally causes its wearer to appear bereft of all charity, meekness, tenderness, and brotherly love. A black skull-cap is even said to have a really malignant influence as regards these virtues. Perhaps, however, no artifice or invention of science could make that face look benevolent. In youth, before its features were sharpened and stiffened, it must have been a singularly handsome and striking face. It was now a masterful and self-willed face. The nose was long and hooked, the forehead high and narrow, the chin sharp, and the mouth square: any one of these points may indicate self-will, but taken all together, they bawl it aloud. If his eyes were open, as they will be in a moment, you would say that they must have been beautiful in youth, when their bright blue was set off by the brown hair; now, after seventy years of greed and avarice, they were hard and keen, but as bright as ever—even brighter than in youth, because they were set off by thick white eyebrows like a penthouse. Before his affliction fell upon him he was taller than the generality of men. Even now, when he sat upright in his chair, he produced the same impression of great height which he had formerly been used to exercise when he stood half a foot or so above any man with whom he was conversing. Great stature, properly used, is a wonderful help to personal influence. Too often, however, it is, considered as a means of self-advancement, a gift clean thrown away. It was not, in short, a common face which one looked at in that chair, nor a common figure. Any candid person—that is to say, any man who had never had business relations with Mr. Leighan, and might therefore be reasonably free from the vindictiveness and rage which blinded the eyes of his tenants, debtors, and dependants—would allow this to be the face of a man originally intended by nature to make a mark in the great world, if he should get the chance. He never did get that chance, and his abilities had been expended in the interesting and absorbing though petty business of overreaching neighbors not so clever as himself, extorting the uttermost farthing, and adding bit by bit to his property. He was now the rich man of a parish in which there was no squire; he was the village miser; he was the terror of those who owed him money; he was the driver of the hardest bargains; he was the strong and masterful man; he was the scourge of the weak and thriftless; he was the tyrant of the village. He knew all this, and so far from being humiliated, he enjoyed the position; he exulted in the consciousness of his own unpopularity; he alone in the parish had risen among his fellows to the proud distinction of being universally detested. Men like Daniel Leighan love the power which such a position means; they even think of themselves complacently as wolves lying in ambush to rush upon the unwary, and to rend and devour the feeble.

The girl who sat working at the open window was his niece, Mary Nethercote. That is to say, the work lay in her lap, but her hands were idle, and her eyes were far away from the sewing. She lived with Daniel, and took care of him. He railed at all the world except her; he quarrelled with all the world except his niece; and those persons who averred that he was kind to her because he had the keeping of her money and took all the interest for himself, and had her services as house-keeper for nothing, were perhaps only imperfectly acquainted with the old man's motives and his feelings. Yet the statement was true. He did have the keeping of her money—a good lump of money; and he did give himself the interest in return for her board and lodging; and he did have her services as house-keeper for nothing.

I declare that when one considers such a girl as Mary Nethercote, and thinks how helpful she is, how unselfish, how ready at all times to spend and be spent in the service of others, how full she is of the old-fashioned learning which fills the homestead with the happiness of material comfort, how little she thinks about herself, how simple she is in her tastes, and yet how sweet and dainty and lovely to look upon, one is carried away with gratitude and admiration. What, one asks at such a moment, is the wisdom of Girton and Newnham compared with the wisdom of the farmer's daughter? What, in fact, can the Girton girl make? Doth she solace the world and profit her kind by her triple integrals? Doth she advance mankind by her cherished political economy? Mary, for her part, keeps the fowls and ducks; Mary considers the fattening of the geese and the welfare of the turkeys; Mary looks after the dairy; Mary superintends the baking of the wholesome and sweet home-made bread under the red pots; the confecting of puddings, pies, tarts, and cakes; the boiling and skimming and potting of the most beautiful jams and jellies; Mary conducts the garden, both that of flowers and that of vegetables—there is, in fact, only one garden, and the flowers flourish in the borders beside the onions and the pease; Mary directs the brewing of the cider; Mary keeps the keys, and "gives out" the linen; Mary inspects the washing and the ironing; in short, Mary "openeth her mouth with wisdom, and looketh well to the ways of her household." She is up at five in summer and at six in winter; all the morning she is at work with her maids; in the afternoon she takes her needle and sews; in the evening she plays and sings a little to keep her uncle in good temper, and sometimes reads a novel for an hour before she goes to bed. This is her life. Sometimes there may be a tea-drinking. Sometimes she will mount her pony and ride over to Newton-Abbot, to Moreton-Hampstead, or to Ashburton, where the shop-people all know her, and are pleased to see her. But mostly from week to week she stays at home. As for a summer holiday, that is a thing which has never entered into her mind. The girl-graduate perhaps scorns the work of the household. I for my part do not scorn the work of the farmer, whose work exactly corresponds to that of Mary. It seems to me a better and a happier life, in and out of house and barn, and linney, and dairy, in the open air, warmed by the sun, beaten by every wind that blows, breathing the sweet smells of newly turned earth, of hedge and ditch, and the wild flowers, than any that can be found in the study and at the desk.

The maids of Devon are, we know, fair to outward view as other maidens are, and perhaps fairer than most; though in so delicate a matter as beauty comparisons are horrid. Some there are with black hair and black eyes. These must be descended from the ancient Cornish stock, and are cousins of those who still speak the Celtic tongue across the Channel. But there is talk of the Spanish prisoners who had no desire to go home again, but settled in Devon and Cornwall, and became Protestants in a land where there was no Inquisition. Others there are who have brown hair and blue eyes. Mary came of this stock. Her eyes, like her uncle's, were blue; but they were of a deeper blue; and they were soft, while his were hard. Her hair was a rich warm brown, and there was a lot of it. When all is said, can there be a better color for hair and eyes? As for her face, I do not claim, as the Americans say, for Mary that she was a stately and statuesque beauty; nor had she the least touch of style and fashion—how should she have? But for sweetness, and the simple beauty of regular features, rosy lips, bright eyes, and healthy cheek, lit up with the sunshine of love and truth, and colored with the bloom of youth, there are few damsels indeed who can compare with Mary Nethercote, of Gratnor Farm. As for her figure, it was tall and well-proportioned—full of health, and yet not buxom. Need one say more? Such was Mary in the summer of the year 1886; nay, such she is now, as you may see in Challacombe church, where she still sits in her old place with the choir, beside George Sidcote. Many things—of which I am the historian—have happened since the summer of last year; but Mary's place in church is not changed, nor has the bloom of her beauty left her cheek: many things, as you shall learn, with many surprises and great changes. Yet methinks her face is happier and more full of sunshine now than it was twelve months ago.

The room in which she sat was low and long; it was an old-fashioned wainscoted room, rather dark, because it was lit by one window only, and because a great branch of white roses was hanging over the window, broken from its fastenings by the wind, or by the weight of its flowers. It had a south aspect, which in winter made it warm. Its chief article of furniture, because it was always in one place, and took up so much room, was Mr. Leighan's arm-chair, which stood so that his back was turned to the light. This prevented him from looking out of the window, but it enabled him to read and write and pore over his papers. The best scenery in the eyes of Mr. Leighan was the sight of a mortgage or a deed of conveyance. As for the sunshine outside—the flowers, and the view of hill and vale and wood—he cared naught for these things. There were, besides, two or three ordinary chairs—Mary had never enjoyed the luxury of an easy-chair or a sofa—there was a small work-table for her "things," and there was a really splendid old cabinet, black with age, wonderful with carvings, for which Wardour Street would sigh in vain; in fact, the reputation of that cabinet had gone abroad, and overtures had been made again and again for its purchase. And the contents! Your heart would sink with the sickness of longing only to look upon them. There were old brass candlesticks, old silver candlesticks, brass and silver snuffers and snuffer-trays; silver cups of every size, from the little christening-cup to the great silver whistle-cup holding a quart and a half; there were punch bowls and ladles; and there was old china—yea, china which would move a collector to sighs and sobs of envy. These things represented many generations of Leighans, who had been settled in Challacombe since that parish began to exist. It is now five hundred years since their ancestors moved up from the lowlands to the hill-sides and combes on the fringe of the moor. It was about the time when the Yorkists and Lancastrians were chopping and hacking at one another—though no report of the battles came up here for many a month after the event—that the church was built. Civil wars, indeed, never caused any broils at Challacombe. The Reformation found the people obedient; Queen Mary burned none of them, for they were easily reconverted, and Queen Bess found them docile to the royal supremacy. The only enthusiasm they were ever known to show was a hundred years after Queen Bess's time, when King Monmouth rode across the west country to try his fate at Sedgemoor. One of the younger Leighans, a hot-blood, who heard of his landing when at Ashburton on market-day, so far forgot the family traditions as to gallop over to Torquay and shout for the new King, and rode in his train, and did his share of the fighting. More lucky than his companions, he found his way home, and went on farming—'twas John Leighan, of Foxworthy—as if nothing had happened, and nobody afterward troubled him. In this great cabinet were kept the treasures of all those generations, about fifteen in number, who now lie—fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters—in the green church-yard of Challacombe. Daniel Leighan, the owner of the cabinet, thought himself a warm man, but his warmth, in his own mind, consisted of his fields and his investments; he little knew or suspected how valuable were those treasures in his cabinet.

There were pictures on the walls—colored engravings and mezzotints of the last century. I take it that art, in the form of pictures, did not reach the Devonshire farm earlier than the year 1750 or thereabouts. On the mantel-shelf were certain china vases which caused anguish to the critical soul: they dated from the year 1820, I think. Above the vases were old-fashioned samplers in frames, things which made one babble of Madame Barbauld, Mrs. Trimmer, and Joanna Baillie. I don't know why, because I never saw any of Mrs. Barbauld's samplers, or those of the other ladies.

A piano stood at the wall, laden with songs and music—not, I fear, of the highest classical kind, for Mary's school at Newton-Abbot, where she had spent two long years, knew little of classical music. Will Nethercote—I who write this story am that Will—sent her the songs from London, and George Sidcote bought her the music at Newton or at Teignmouth. There was also a shelf of books; but these were even less successful, from the classical point of view, than the music; for they consisted of novels, also given by this London person, and of pretty books bought for her in their boyish days by George Sidcote, and if we just hint that the leading bookseller of Bovey is apparently—to judge by the works laid out upon his shelves—under the influence of two young men who wear broad hats and flopping skirts, and talk loud as they walk in the streets, and profess a longing to restore Church discipline, you will understand how satisfying to the imagination these books were. Mary reproached herself for liking the works of Mrs. Oliphant, Thomas Hardy, and Wilkie Collins—those quite mundane persons—better than these gaudy volumes.

She was dressed for the afternoon in a pink chintz, with a pink-and-white-flowered apron, of the kind which covers the whole front of the dress; round her neck she had a white lace ruffle. All the morning she had been at work about the house and the poultry-yard, yet now she looked as if she had not done a stroke of hard work all day, so cool, so quiet, and so dainty was she to look upon. Her hands—not, to be sure, so white and so small as those of a countess—were brown, but not coarse; and her face, though she was out in all weathers, was not burnt or freckled. Yet in her eyes there was a world of trouble. She was troubled for others, not for herself; she was suffering, as some women suffer all their lives, from the dangers which hung over and threatened her lover. You will find out presently that these were very real and terrible dangers, and that his life, and therefore hers, was menaced with shipwreck, imminent and unavoidable.

Daniel Leighan awoke at half past four. Generally the waking from an afternoon nap is a gentle and a gradual process: first a roll of the head, then a half-opening of the eyes, next a movement of the feet and hands, before full life and consciousness return. This afternoon Daniel Leighan, who had been sleeping quite peacefully and restfully, awoke suddenly with a cry, and sat upright in his chair, clutching the arms, his eyes rolling in horror and amazement.

"Mary," he cried, and then the horror passed out of his face, and his eyes expressed wonder and bewilderment only.

The girl, who was sitting at the window, work in hand, was at his side in a moment.

"Mary," he gasped and panted, and his words came painfully, "I saw him; I saw him—the man who robbed me. I saw him plain—and I have forgotten—I have forgotten! It was—oh, I knew just now—I have forgotten, Mary!"

"Patience, uncle, patience." Mary patted and smoothed the pillows into their places. "Another time you will remember; you are sure to remember, if the dream only comes again. Lie down again and think."

He obeyed, and she covered his head again with his silk handkerchief, which sometimes soothes into slumber if the silk is soft enough. He had started from his sleep, as if stung into wakefulness by the recollection of something horrible and painful; and his dream had vanished from his memory, leaving not a trace behind. With such trouble did King Nebuchadnezzar awake, to find his dream unintelligible. But the terror was left, and the foreboding. Mary saw the terror, but she knew nothing of the foreboding. Yet her uncle's mind was filled with anxious fears springing out of this vision. She saw the rolling eyes, the clutching of the chair arms, and the look of bewilderment; but she only thought her uncle was startled, like a child, in his sleep, and crying out, like a child, for help when there was no danger. He lay still for a few moments while she stood beside him and watched. Then he tore off the handkerchief and sat up again.

"It is quite gone," he said, in despair. "I have lost the clew. Yet I saw him—oh, I saw him, clear and distinct!—the man who robbed me. And while I was going to cry out his name—just as I had his name upon my lips—I awoke and forget him."

"If it comes again," said Mary, incredulous in spite of her words, "you will be sure to remember. Perhaps it will come again. Patience, uncle."

"Patience! when I had the clew? Patience! when I could follow up the robber, and tear my papers out of his hands? Patience!—don't be a fool, Mary!"

"Well, uncle, if it has gone, and you can't bring it back again, try to forget that it ever came; that is the wisest thing to do. You shall have your tea, and then you will feel better."

"Mary"—he turned to her piteously—"it is cruelly hard. Can't *you* remember? Think. Perhaps I talked in my sleep—some men do. Have you never heard me say anything—call some one by name? If I had only the least little clew, I should remember."

"Why, uncle, how should I remember?"

"It came back to me—all so clear—so clear and plain. And I have forgotten. Oh, Mary, my money! my money!"

"Yes, uncle. But it is six years ago, nearly, and you have done very well since. And it is not as if you had lost all your money. Why, you have prospered while all the rest have been doing so badly. You must think of that."

"Lost all my money?" he repeated, testily; "of course I've not lost all. As if a man could bear to lose a single penny of the money that he has spent his life in saving. Do you know what I have lost, girl?" She knew very well, because he told her every day. "There were bonds and coupons in the bag to the sum of near upon a hundred and fifty pounds a year—nearly three thousand pounds they meant. As for the share certificates, they didn't matter; but coupons—coupons, Mary; do you hear?—payable only to the bearer—a hundred and fifty pounds a year—a hundred and fifty pounds a year!—near three thousand pounds!" His voice rose to a shriek, and suddenly dropped again to a moan. "Three thousand pounds! Payable to the bearer, and I haven't got them to present! If I were a young man of thirty, I might recover the loss; but I am old now, and I can never hope to make it up—never hope to make it up again!"

It was six years since that loss had occurred; but this wail over the lost money was raised nearly every day, and almost in the same words, so that the girl felt little sympathy now with the bereavement of her uncle.

"It was six o'clock when I left Ashburton." The girl had also heard this story so often that her interest in the details had become numbed. "Six o'clock when I started to ride home. I had seventy pounds in gold upon me—fifty pounds in one bag, and twenty in another; my tin box in a blue bag was round my neck, and it was filled with securities and bonds and share certificates. 'Better leave 'em here, Mr. Leighan,' said Fennell, the bank manager. I wish I had! I wish I had, Mary! But I was headstrong, and would have everything in my own strong-box under my own eye. So I refused, and rode off with them. At half past seven—it was dark then—I rode into Widdicombe. There I pulled up. I well remember that I stopped there, and had a glass of brandy and water. It was brandy and water hot; and they tried to make it weak, but I wouldn't be cheated. And then I rode on. I remember riding on. And then—then—" At this point he paused, because here his brain began to wander, and his memory played him tricks.

"At Widdicombe, uncle, you must have paid somebody twenty pounds, and left your bag of papers; and now you can't remember who it was."

"No, child; no. I paid away no money at all in Widdicombe, except fourpence for the brandy and water. Why should I? There was nothing owing to anybody. Why should I leave a box full of securities and bonds in the hands of any one when I refused to leave them in the bank? Was I ever a foolhardy person that I should trust anybody with property of that kind?"

"No," said Mary. "It is difficult to understand why you should do so."

"The landlady—she's a respectable widow woman, and it's only right that she should be near with her brandy—she bears me out. She remembers my paying the fourpence and riding away. After that I remember nothing. Why have I forgotten the ride through the lanes under Honeybag? Why don't I remember passing through Hewedstone Gate to the open down? Yet I remember nothing more. Mind you, I won't have it said in my hearing that I ever gave anybody anything, or that I left my bag lying about like a fool. Yet when George Sidcote picked me up the bag was gone, and twenty pounds had gone too—twenty pounds!"

"Well, but, uncle, consider: you had seventy pounds in gold in your purse and only twenty were taken. If it had been a thief he would surely have taken the whole, and your loose silver, as well as your watch and chain. Why, all those were left."

"I don't know. Perhaps he thought the bag of papers would satisfy him. How do I know? What made me fall off the pony? I never fell off the pony before. If I was Balaam I would make that old pony tell me who found me lying in the road and robbed me. Fell off the pony!—how in the world did I come to fall off the pony? I wasn't drunk, girl; nobody ever saw Daniel Leighan drunk. I wish I was Balaam—I wish I was—just for five minutes—to have a few words with the pony."

"You *must* have given the twenty pounds to somebody in Ashburton or Widdicombe, with the bag of papers. Everybody says so."

"I didn't, then! I felt the bag round my neck when I rode out of Widdicombe—the bag round my neck and the money in my pocket. Do you think I should not remember if I had paid away twenty pounds—twenty pounds!—do you think I shouldn't have taken a receipt, and the bill and the receipt both in my pocket? Twenty pounds—twenty pounds!—one would think the sovereigns grew in the hedge like the roses."

"Well, uncle, but think: every day you trouble your poor head about it, and nothing comes of it; why not try to forget the loss? Think what a prosperous man you have been all your life. Think what your property is now, though you began with only one farm: money in the bank and money invested and all; everybody talking about your good fortune. You should be thinking of what you have, not what you have lost."

"Go on; go on. Easy for a girl like you to talk. There's that difference with a woman that she only enjoys the spending; while a man"—he heaved a deep sigh, and did not complete the sentence. "Oh! Mary"—he reached out his long bony fingers and made as if he were raking in the gold—"to think—only to think!—of the pleasure I have had in making the money! It was little by little, not all at once. No, no; I saw my way, and I waited. I laid my plans, and I had patience. Be sure that not a field have I got but I worked and planned for it. The world is full of fools: weak men who have no business with property; men without grip; men who just hold on till somebody comes and gives 'em a shove off. Your cousin David was such a fool, Mary."

Mary said nothing. Her cousin David was doubtless a great fool, but people said unkind things about her uncle's conduct toward him.

"If I had not secured his property, some one else would. It is still in the family, which ought to be a great comfort to him, wherever he has gone. George Sidcote is another—well, he isn't exactly a fool, like David; but he doesn't get on—he doesn't get on. I fear very much—"

"Uncle, spare him!"

"Because he wants to marry you, child? Is that a reason for interfering with the course of business? When the pear is ripe, it will drop!—if not into my mouth, into some other man's. Business before love, Mary."

"If I could give him my fortune, he would be out of his difficulties."

"Your fortune, Mary? Where is it? What fortune? You have none unless you marry with my consent. Your fortune? Why, it depends upon me whether you ever get it. I don't say that I shall never consent. Show me the right man—not a spendthrift, Mary."

"George is no spendthrift."

"Nor a sporting and betting man."

"George is not a sporting and betting man."

"Nor a man in debt."

"If George is in debt, it is not his fault."

"A substantial man, and one who knows the worth of money: bring that man along, and we will see. If not—well, Mary, I am getting on for seventy, and I can't last forever, and perhaps—perhaps, I say—I shall leave you my money when I die. You can wait till then. Six thousand pounds is a tremendous great lump to part with, when a man is not obliged to part with it. And I am not obliged to give my consent. No, no; and after I've lost three thousand—three thousand! Besides, you're comfortable here: what do you want to marry for? what's the good of marrying? Better stay at home and save money. I give you your board and your lodging, Mary, while you are here, for nothing; and your clothing too—yes, your clothing." He spoke as if many young people had to go without.

Mary interrupted with a little laugh.

"Yes, uncle, I know." She laughed, thinking how much her uncle had given her for dress in the last year or two. Now since a girl may make up her own things, but cannot very well make the chintz, cambric, and stuff itself, gossiping people often wondered how Mary managed to dress so well and prettily. Perhaps the fowls helped her, or the pigs.

"Well, uncle, but if I do marry without your consent you will have to give the money to my cousin David."

"Yes, yes; of course. What's the good of telling me that? But David is dead, no doubt, by this time; and then the money must remain with me, of course"—the will did not say so. "But you won't do that, Mary; you'll never be so wicked as to do that. Besides, if you did, David's accounts with me have never been made up—that is, properly made up—and I don't doubt that when we come to look into them it will be found that he owes me a great deal still—a great deal of money still. I was very soft—foolishly soft—with David."

Mary made no reply. Her uncle had been, indeed, soft with David: so soft that he had sold him up and turned him out, and now possessed his land.

Mr. Leighan sighed heavily, no doubt over his foolish softness, and became silent. It was not often that he talked so much with his niece.

Six years before this, about half past nine one evening in the autumn of the year 1880, George Sidcote, walking home, found Mr. Leighan lying in the middle of the road on Heytree Down. His pony was grazing quietly beside him, close to the road, and he was lying on his back senseless, with an ugly wound in his head, the scar of which would never leave him. He had fallen, apparently, from his pony, and as farmers do not generally get such ugly falls when they ride home at night, the general conclusion was that he must have been drunk to fall so heavily, and to fall upon his head. No suspicion of violence or robbery was entertained; first, because no one ever heard of violence at Challacombe; and secondly, because he had not apparently been robbed. So, at least, it seemed to those who carried him home, for his pockets were full of money, and his watch and chain had not been taken.

For three days and three nights Daniel Leighan lay speechless and senseless, and but for a faint pulse he seemed dead. When he recovered consciousness, the first questions he asked were concerning a certain tin box containing papers which he declared was hanging in a bag from his neck. Now of that tin box no one knew anything. Presently, when he counted his money, he swore that he was twenty pounds short.

I am sorry to say that no one believed him. That is to say, there was no doubt that he had taken that box from the bank, because the manager knew of it. But in his drunken fit—people were quite sure that he must have been drunk—he must have dropped the thing somewhere, or put it somewhere: it would be found some day. Time passed on, but that box was not found. And the loss, the inconvenience, and the trouble resulting from its loss were frightful. To begin with, there were coupons of municipal bonds and such securities, things only paid to bearer and never replaced if lost, representing investments to the amount of nearly three thousand pounds. The whole of this money, with its yearly interest, gone, unless the box should be found—clean gone. Is it wonderful that Daniel Leighan went mad and tore his hair only to think of this terrible blow? Other papers there were, share certificates and so forth, which could be replaced by payment of a fee, but the coupons could not be replaced. Their payment could be stopped, but without presentation there was no payment possible.

Perhaps it was the agony of mind caused by this loss, perhaps the blow upon his head, which caused the paralysis of his legs. This affliction fell upon him a month or so after the accident. Then they put him in his chair beside his table, and propped him up with pillows, and he went abroad no more. But his brain was as clear as before, his will as strong, and his purpose as determined.

"Take your tea, uncle," said Mary, "and try to think no more of your horrid dream."

CHAPTER IV.

CHALLACOMBE-BY-THE-MOOR.

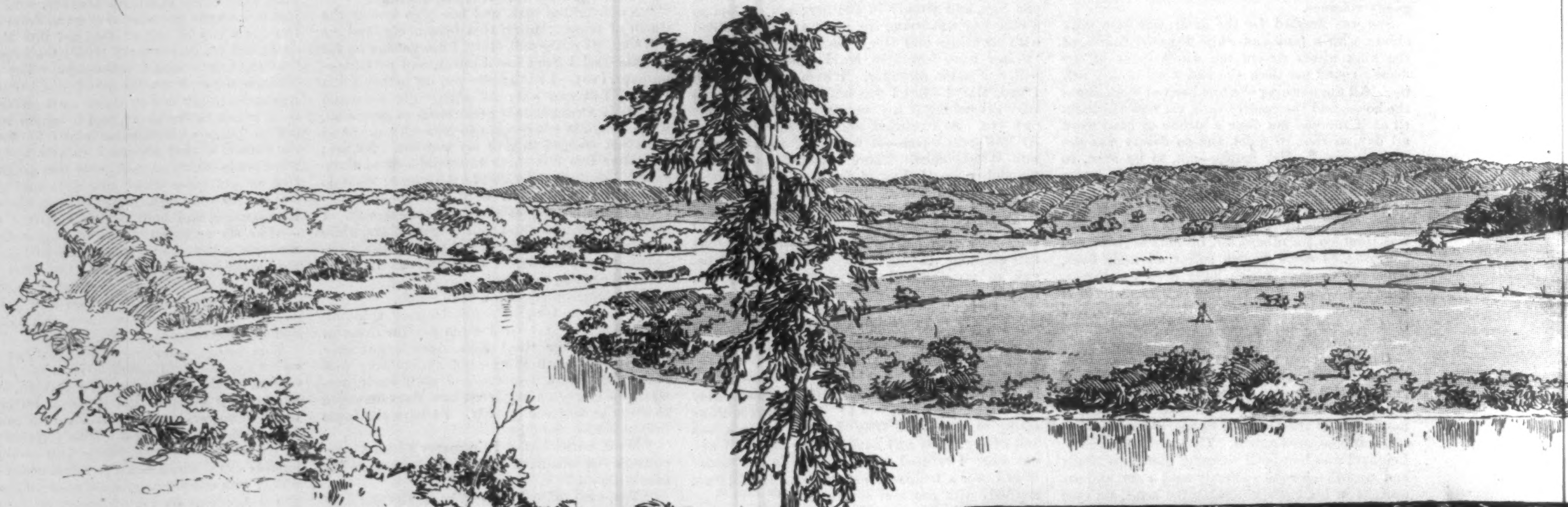
The village of Challacombe is known by sight to those excursionists from Teignmouth, Dawlish, or Torquay who take train to Bovey Tracey, and then go up by the char-à-bancs—locally called "cherrybanks"—to Hey Tor and back; because on the way they pass through a little bit of Challacombe. It is also known to the people who take lodgings at Chagford for August, in the belief that they are going to be upon Dartmoor. Once during their stay it is considered necessary to drive over to Challacombe. They do this, and when they have arrived, they get out, stand upon the green, and gaze around. Then they either climb up the Tor, which rises just beyond the green, or they go to John Exon's Inn for a cup of tea, or they get into the trap again and are driven away, under the impression that they have seen Challacombe. The village green, however, is not the parish of Challacombe. Again, there are two or three farm-houses scattered about in the great parish where lodgings can be procured, and those who take them for the season, if they are good walkers and do not mind roads which cannot show one single level foot, or hot lanes which are deep and narrow, and run between high hedges of rose, blackberry, honeysuckle, and holly, which keep out the air—after six or seven weeks of exploration and research, allow themselves rashly to boast that they know Challacombe. But no; after a second visit, or a third, they are fain to confess that, of all the places they have ever visited, Challacombe is the hardest to know, and takes the longest time to learn.

This being so, no one will expect me to describe the place. Besides, it is so far from the ordinary track, so remote from fashion, so little adapted for visitors, that it would be cruel to tempt strangers there. Let them be contented with a glimpse of the green from the cherrybank or the Chagford pony-carriage, just as the fashionable world which talks so much of art is contented with one single glimpse of the walls of the Royal Academy on the afternoon of the private view.

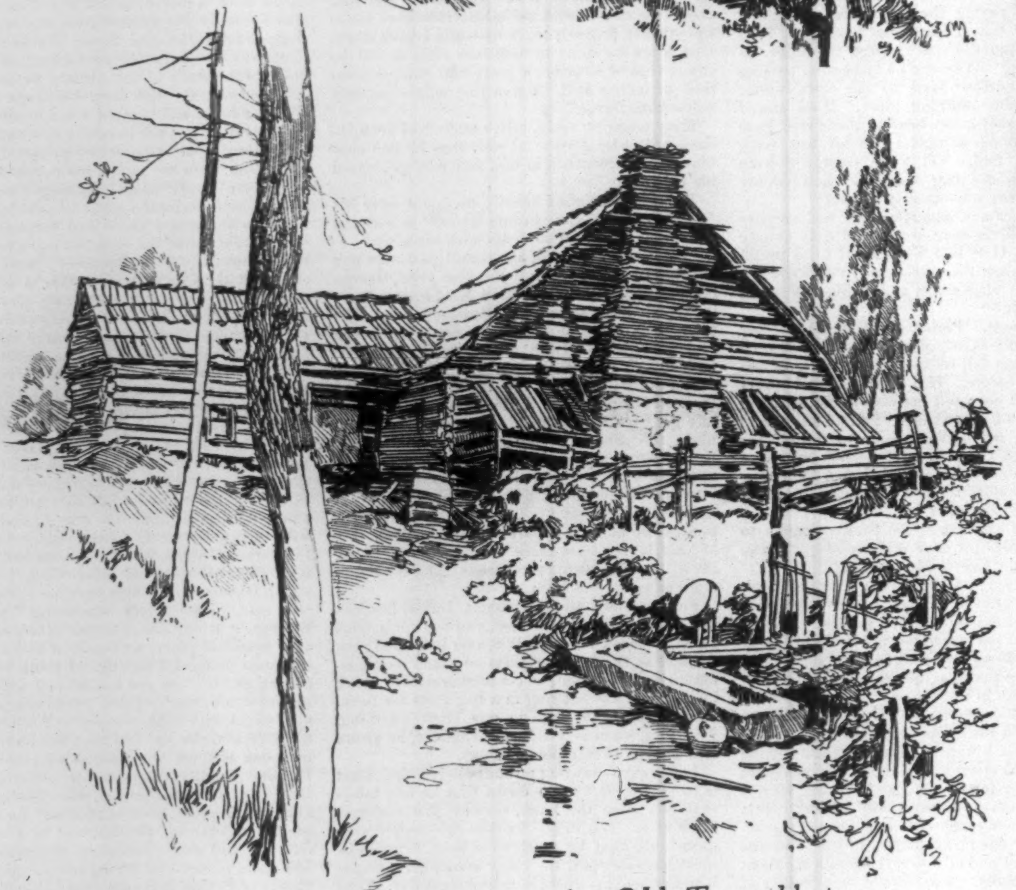
There is no village at Challacombe. There is a village green, and there is a church; on one side of the green is a long, low, picturesque old house with a porch, called Ivy Cottage, which was formerly the Rectory; on another side are John Exon's Inn and Susan Wreford's village shop, which contains the post-office; on the third side are the walls of the Rectory garden, the village schools, and the farm buildings of Hedge Barton; lanes and another small house make up the fourth side of the irregular quadrangle formed by the green. One or two primeval bowlders still stand upon the green, too deeply bedded to be removed, and Father Cummings's pigs, geese, and turkeys claim the right of running over it. Close to the green there was formerly a rude stone circle, one of the many on and around Dartmoor; but there was a Rector— Must one sling stones at the Church? Yet this is lamentably true. Once there was a Rector; pity that 'tis true. This good man—I say good, because I know nothing except this one sin to charge against him, and one may commit one sin in a lifetime and yet be a good man—this Rector, therefore, suffered himself to be annoyed because antiquaries came and examined this circle, sketched it, planned it, walked around it and across it, measured it, laid their heads together over it, shook their fingers about it, and wagged their chins at each other over it—would have photographed it, but Dame Science did not yet permit that art to be practised—picnicked amid its stones, and brought with them their young friends—male and female they brought them, two by two—to look at these mysterious stones, and hear them talk. The young friends—those who were not antiquaries—only said, "How deeply interesting!" and made the day, if it was fine, and the place, which is a very beautiful place, an occasion and a spot for the most delightful flirting. I think it was the flirting rather than the archæology which vexed his reverence, who had now grown old, poor dear, and could flirt with nobody any more, except his wife, and she was old too; not so old as her husband, but yet she wanted no more flirting. However, the Rector became so seriously annoyed that, one day in the winter, when there were no antiquaries about, he sent to Bovey for two men and some blasting powder, and in a couple of days he had this rude stone monument blown into little pieces and carted away. Melancholy ghosts of Druids, it is said, come to scream upon the spot all midsummer night, in guise of owls; and for many years the enraged and baffled antiquaries came regularly once in the month of June, which is sacred to stone circles and to Druids, and on the site of the perished circle they performed a solemn service of commination upon that Rector. They cursed him with the curses of Ernulphus; they cursed him out of the Psalms; they cursed him out of the Book of the Greater Excommunication; they cursed him after the manner of the Ancient Briton, the Mediæval Briton, and the Modern Briton. Whether any of the curses took, as vaccination takes, I know not; certain it is that the Rector is now no more, so that perhaps the commination killed him; perhaps, however, it only gave him toothache.

The village of Challacombe-by-the-Moor, even with the advantages held out to it of a church, a green, a shop, and a public-house, refused to grow, or even to be born. This is odd. One reads of American cities with their church, their school, their hotel, and their weekly paper, but never of an American church, school, hotel, and weekly paper without a city. It is gratifying to be ahead of these pushing Americans even in so small a matter. Challacombe is a parish of farms and farm-houses, with a hamlet or two—such as Watercourt and Frellands. It stretches on the east from Watersmeet, where the Bovey and the Becky fall into each other's arms, to the outlying farm of Barracot-on-the-Moor; it goes beyond Hamil Down on the west; and it begins on the north at Foxworthy, in the valley of the Bovey, and extends to the slopes of mighty Hey Tor on the south. Within these limits there is scenery of every kind except one: the fine champaign country which our forefathers loved so much is altogether wanting. Every field is on a slope, every lane runs up a hill, and every stream—there are four at least—goes plunging and tearing downward over its bed of bowlders and of gravel.

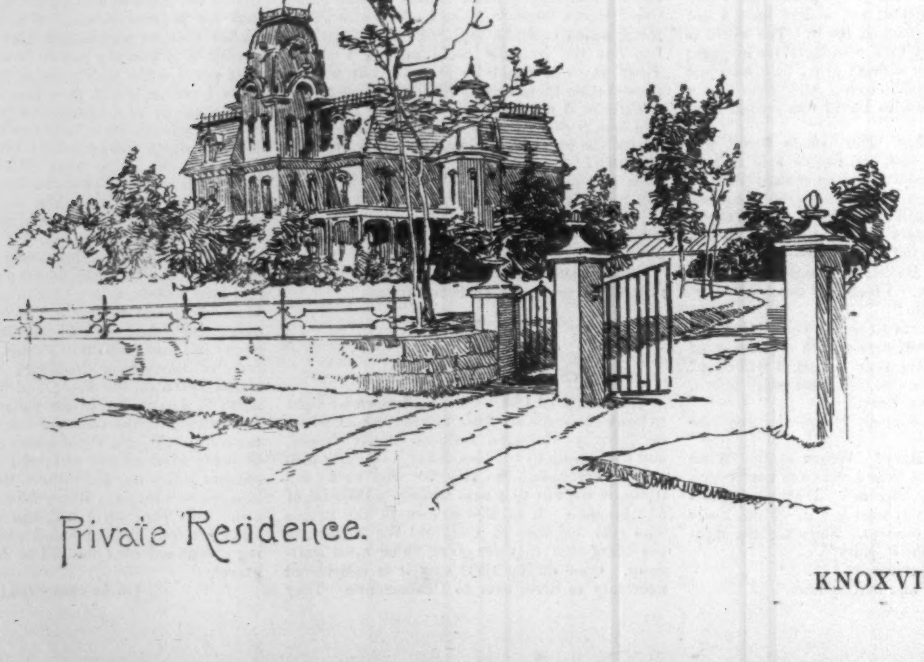
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



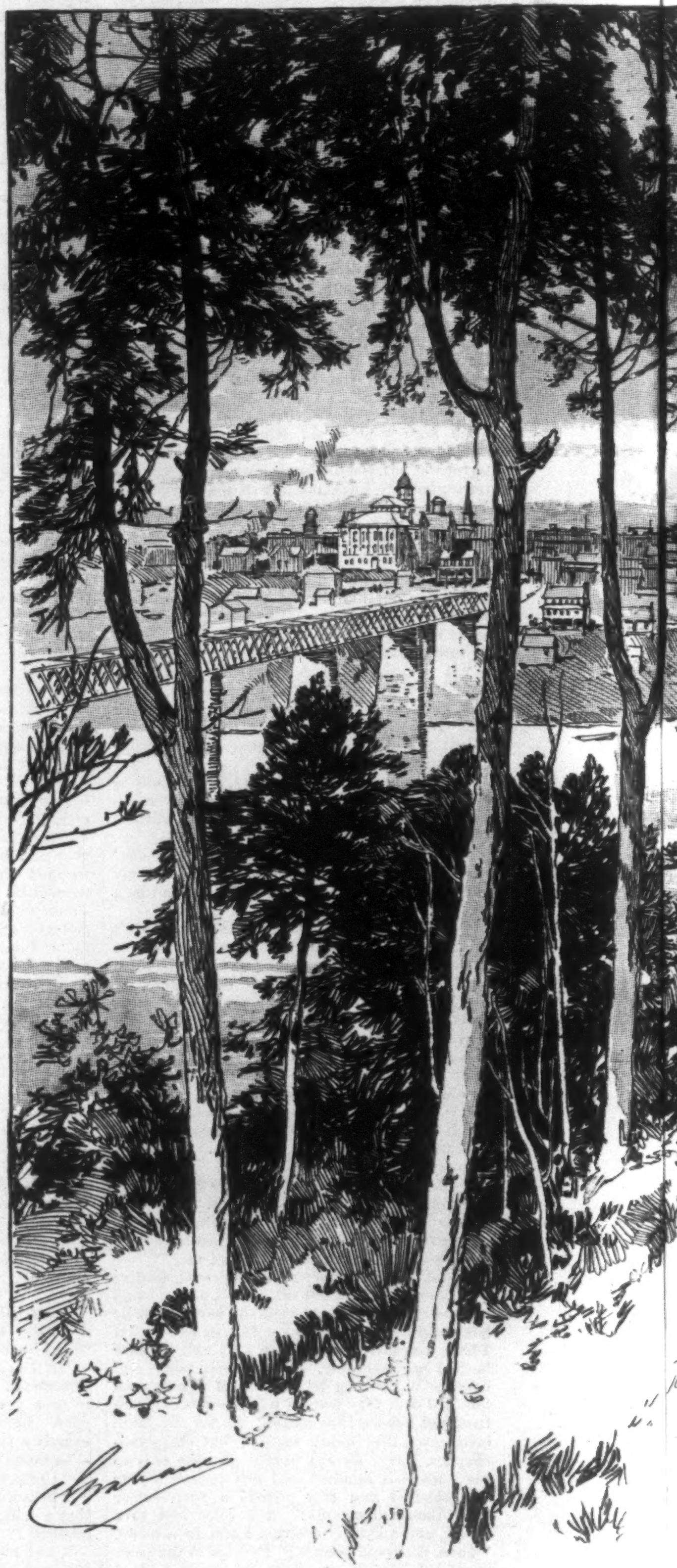
Lyon's View.



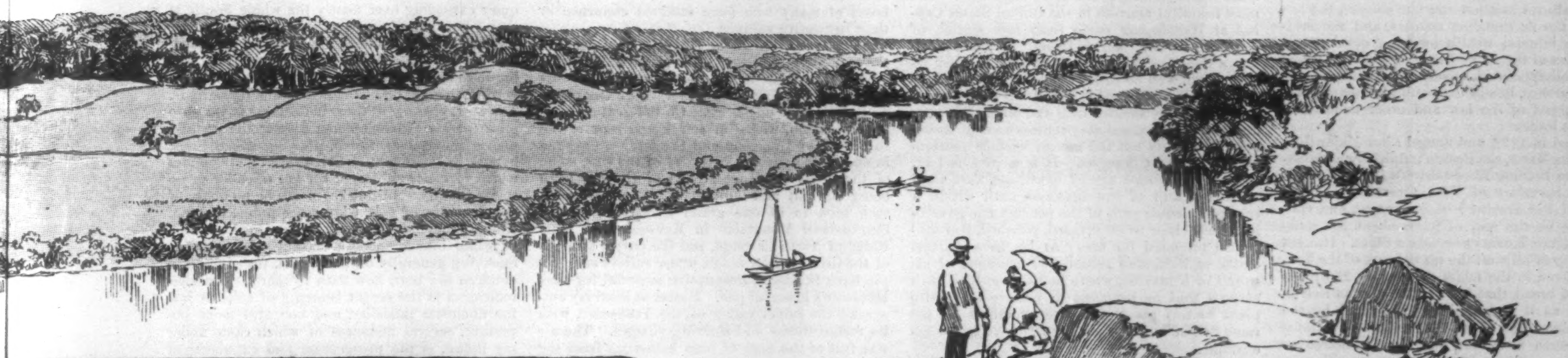
An Old-Time Hut.

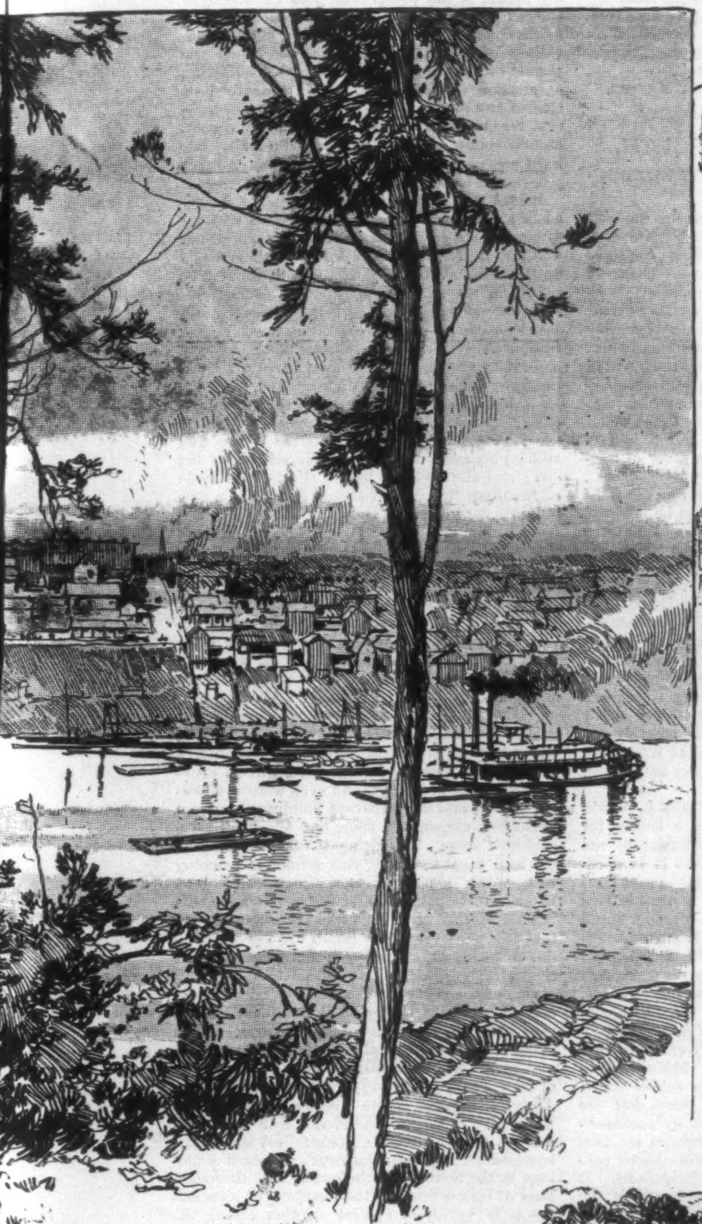


Private Residence.

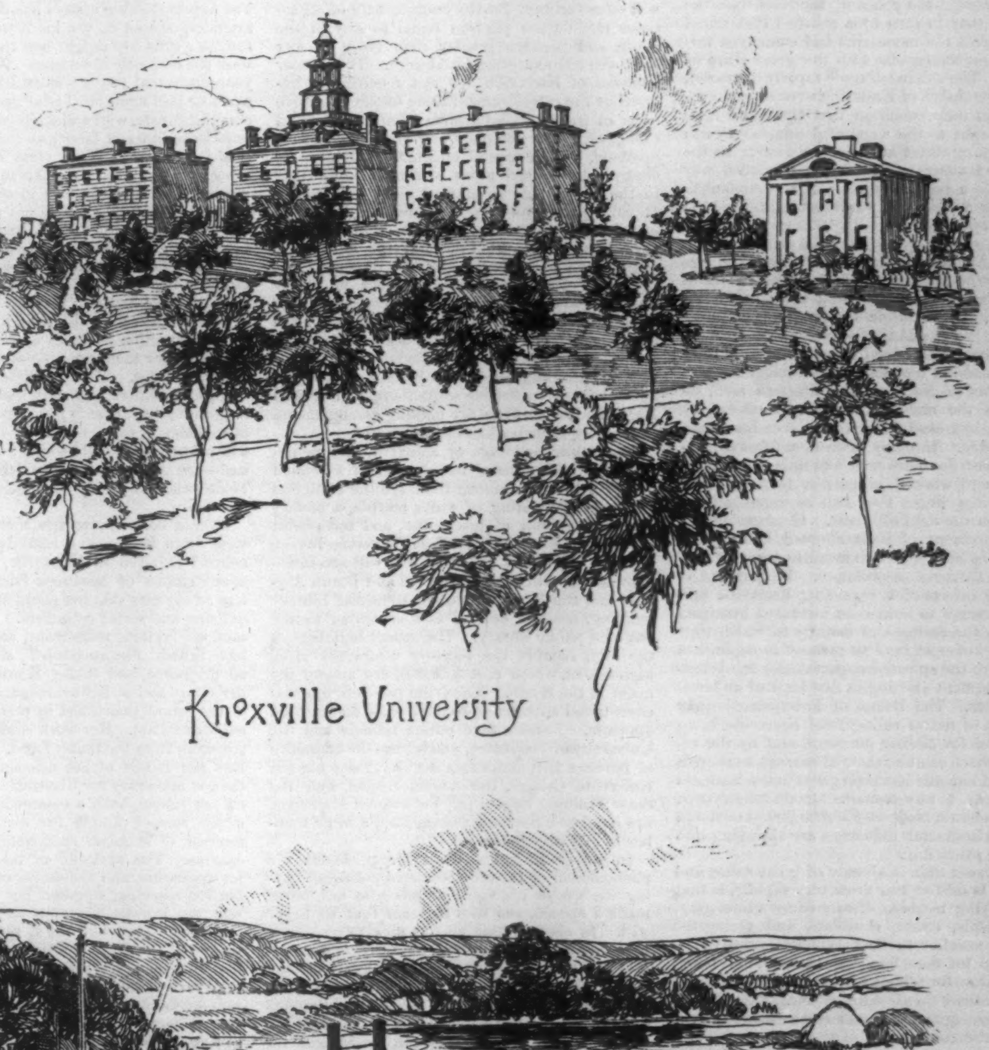


KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE, AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.—Drawn b

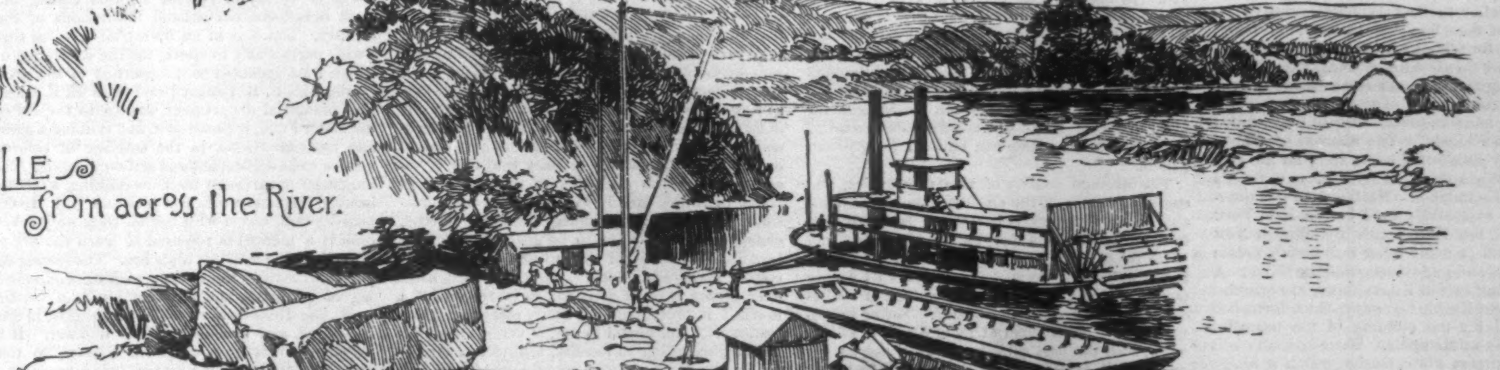




KNOXVILLE from across the River.



Knoxville University



Marble Barges.

y Charles Graham.—[See Article "The Industrial South," Page 330.]

THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTH.*

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.

The "Queen City of the Mountains" and the "Gem of Eastern Tennessee" are among the titles given to Knoxville by its devoted inhabitants, who are so proud of their busy and progressive little city that they can conceive of no name too regal or term of appreciation too effusive to be applied to it. They certainly have cause for satisfaction in its healthful location and fine climate, the fertility of the surrounding country, and the inexhaustible mineral wealth awaiting development on all sides of them; and they may well be proud of the well-appointed schools of their city, of its many churches, handsome public buildings, busy factories, and of the law and order maintained within its limits.

Founded in 1792, and named after Major-General Henry Knox, the Boston publisher and bookseller, who became Washington's Chief of Artillery and Secretary of War, Knoxville was the capital of the Territory of Tennessee, and continued to be the seat of government for some time after the Territory became a State. It is set on a group of hills on the north bank of the Tennessee River, in the midst of a valley 250 miles long by 5 broad, that is as fertile and as rich in minerals as it is beautiful. Protected by the far-reaching arms of the Cumberland Mountains on the north and west, and the Chilhowee or Great Smoky Mountains on the south and east, this favored valley is not exposed to extremes of heat and cold, nor to the ravages of cyclones or tornadoes. Watered by ten rivers and numberless smaller streams, it abounded in game, and was a favorite dwelling-place and hunting ground of the Creeks, Cherokees, Chickasaws, and Choctaws, who yielded it with a bitter reluctance to their successors and present occupiers.

Long before the days of steam, when goods from Baltimore and Philadelphia went down through the Cumberland Gap in great wagons drawn by four and six horses, Knoxville was the seat of a flourishing trade with the surrounding country. The wagons were superseded by steamers that brought the goods up the river from the Ohio, and they in turn by a railroad that found its way across the mountains and connected this their modest metropolis with the great cities of the East. The volume of trade rapidly increased, and the merchants of Knoxville were so well contented with their condition that they gave little or no thought to the wonderful mineral wealth lying unappropriated at their very doors. So the city jogged along in an easy, self-satisfied way until within a very few years. It was content to grow from a town of 1500 inhabitants in 1834 to one of 5000 in 1860. In 1870 its population was 8000, and ten years later the census gave it 18,000. About this time its people began to awake to the fact that their business rivals of other places were outstripping them in certain directions, that a noble heritage was slipping from their grasp, and that only the promptest action and most determined effort could save their city from sinking into comparative insignificance.

A number of Northern and Western men, attracted by the manifold advantages offered by Knoxville, had established themselves here soon after the war. In many cases they formed partnerships with Southern men, and thus united their fortunes and worked in perfect harmony with those against whom they had so recently been arrayed on the field of battle. In planning for the advancement of their adopted home these new-comers have joined themselves together in a Northern Citizens' Association. Its purpose is to spread information regarding Knoxville and East Tennessee to induce an increased immigration from the sections of country to which they originally belonged, and to present to capitalists everywhere the splendid opportunities for profitable investment existing in this land of undeveloped riches. The Board of Enterprise, largely composed of native residents of Knoxville, is an association for similar purposes, and by the efforts of these combinations of earnest workers a wonderful impetus has been given to the business of the city. It now contains 30,000 inhabitants, has a wholesale trade of $25,000,000 yearly, and within its limits new industries are springing into existence every day.

A business that is already of great value, and one that is destined to grow very rapidly, is that of quarrying marble. The creamy white, gray, pink, purple, claret, chocolate, and variegated marbles peculiar to East Tennessee, and world-renowned for their fine grain, beauty, durability, and capacity for taking a brilliant polish, exist in vast quantities on all sides of Knoxville. In one of the Ross quarries, two or three miles from the city, on the south bank of the river, is found a marble of a most exquisite roseate tinge, called "the maiden's blush." The removal of a huge block of this pink-tinted stone from its hill-side bed forms the subject of one of our artist's sketches in this number. Marble from this quarry has been extensively used in the New York State Capitol, the Mutual Life Building in New York city, and in many other well-known public and corporate buildings throughout the North. A mile and a half east of Knoxville are the quarries of the Crescent Marble Company, which furnished the material for the building of the beautiful Custom-house at Memphis. Their specialty is a light gray, almost white, marble, which is $98\frac{78}{100}$ per cent. carbonate of lime, and is guaranteed not to stain, tarnish, nor disintegrate in any climate. The capacity of this quarry as now opened is about ten car-loads per day; but the deposit is nearly a mile long, 300 feet wide, and of unknown depth. Several thousand men might be profitably employed in working it, and its daily output increased fiftyfold. Here are also found colored marbles ranging from pink to chocolate and a deep purple-black.

These wonderful marbles exist in half a dozen counties of eastern Tennessee, and have been well known to the architects of fine buildings since the beginning of the present century. The most beautiful marbles in the United States Capitol at Washington came from this section of country, and the "Marble Room," in which meditative Senators smoke their after-breakfast cigars, might well be called the "Tennessee Marble Room." Yet this marble industry is but in its infancy, and the amount thus far taken from the quarries in the immediate neighborhood of Knoxville represents but the merest surface scratchings of the vast deposits. It is a curious fact, and one that seems almost incredible, that, amid all this wealth of raw material, until within a year every cubic yard of the product has gone to Northern cities to be dressed, polished, and otherwise prepared for use. At length a marble-cutter of Baltimore established a branch of his works in Knoxville, where he has met with such success that he proposes to remove his entire plant to this point, and already others in the same line of business are preparing to follow his example.

Knoxville has a woollen mill of 200 looms, which turns out about 5000 yards of cloth per day, car shops the daily product of which is seven or eight coal cars, a car-wheel shop where 200 wheels are made every day, and produces annually $500,000 worth of nails, $100,000 worth of leather, $100,000 worth of zinc, the same amount of foundery products, $800,000 worth of lumber, besides quantities of saddlery, harness, axe and hammer handles, wagons, builders' materials, engines, and boilers, has fifteen coal-mines in operation within thirty miles of her corporate limits, and vast beds of iron ore at her doors. As yet there is no blast-furnace in or near the city, but several are projected, and in the near future it will offer facilities for the manufacture of all articles made from pig-iron equal to any in the South, and perhaps greater than those of any Northern city excepting Pittsburgh. The lumber business of Knoxville has just received an impetus by the establishment there of the extensive mills of the Scottish-Carolina Timber and Land Company. This company, organized in Glasgow, Scotland, with a capital of $1,000,000, owns or controls 140 square miles of timber lands lying in the Blue Ridge Mountains, along the French Broad and Pigeon rivers. They have 100 men constantly at work felling trees, which in the form of logs are rafted to Knoxville, where they are sawed into lumber at the rate of 80,000 feet per day. The bulk of this lumber is poplar (white-wood), but on the company's lands are also quantities of cherry, ash, oak, black walnut, white pine, hickory, etc. The New York Lumber Auction Company has established its Southern branch at Knoxville, another Scotch lumber company is about to erect extensive mills there, and several Northern lumber firms are making arrangements to transfer their business to this point.

The public buildings of Knoxville are monuments of architectural beauty and of a refined taste. Prominent among them are the $250,000 government building of white marble, a county court-house built of brick, iron, and terra-cotta at a cost of $125,000, the East Tennessee Insane Asylum, which cost $215,000, and will accommodate 250 patients, the State Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and the Lawson McGhee Memorial Library building, recently erected and presented to the city as a public library. The school buildings of the city, notably the recently completed girls' high-school, which cost $35,000, are among the finest in the South. Knoxville presents unusual educational advantages to both white and colored students. Besides nine public schools and the University of Tennessee, which from the eminence of Barbara Hill dominates the city, there are the Knoxville College, the Austin School, and the State Training School (all for colored students), the Knoxville Business College, and a large number of private schools.

In Mayor Luttrell Knoxville possesses the phenomenon of the only Southern politician having the use of his vocal organs who has never made a speech, and who declares that he never will. In spite of this he was able to communicate some very interesting facts regarding the cost of living in his city. He gives rents at from $7 to $35 per month for dwellings, and from $30 to $100 per month for stores. Building lots 50 by 150, well situated, bring from $500 to $1500, and in the suburbs can be bought for $250 to $500. Small but comfortable houses of from four to six rooms can be built for $500 to $1000.

The average quality of meats, groceries, and country produce in the city markets is excellent, and prices are very reasonable. Meats sell at from 4 to 12 cents per pound, chickens from 15 to 30 cents apiece, eggs 12 to 20 cents, and butter at from 20 to 25 cents. Gas is $1 50 per thousand, wood $2 and $3 per cord, and coal is delivered at 14 cents per bushel. Board in private houses can be had at from $2 50 to $6 per week, with the best table-board alone for $4 per week. While living is so cheap, there is plenty of work to be had at fair wages, and Knoxville thus presents attractions to the mechanic or laborer as well as to the capitalist, and to each of them its people will extend a hospitable welcome. In the "New South," and especially in this section of it, labor has come to occupy a most honorable position, and no man or woman is slighted because of the obligation to work for a living. In Knoxville everybody is at work, and the more difficult the task, the prouder they are of the results accomplished. Nor is it manual labor alone that commands respect in this busy city, but brains and their achievements are fully appreciated. Here Andrew Johnson pursued his humble calling, and Knoxville people are proud of his memory. It was Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's early home, and her girlhood friends thoroughly appreciate the work that she has accomplished. An extremely pleasant and flourishing literary society, called after Margaret Fuller, the Ossoli Circle, exists here; and in its long roll of brain-workers this city of the mountains can boast of many who have attained eminence in their respective callings.

As the members of the Harper party stood on the crumbling earthworks of Fort Sanders, which crowns one of the highest points in the city, they gazed upon a scene so fair that it will long retain a place in their memories. On the gentle slopes beneath them, where in attack and repulse the forces under Burnside and Longstreet engaged in one of the fiercest struggles of the war, some of the finest residence streets of the city were being laid out and built upon. Their extended view took in at one grand sweep the distant Cumberland Mountains in Kentucky, the Blue Ridge of North Carolina, and the purple outlines of the Great Smoky range, whose valleys and people have furnished descriptive material for Miss Murfree's graceful pen. Nearer at hand lay outspread the broad valley of the Tennessee, with its fertile farms and thriving villages. The air was full of the hum of busy industries from the city at their feet; and putting together what they could see and what they had just learned of its commercial progress, it was easy for them to predict the glorious future that awaits it.

Kirk Munroe.

COLORED SCHOOLS SOUTH.

THE BEGINNINGS OF INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.

The most important question of the moment in regard to our common schools in the North is, Does the education in them fit children for their duties in life? Social conditions have changed. The apprenticeship system has disappeared; boys attending school do not learn the trades of their fathers; girls are taught less than they formerly were the domestic industries. As a consequence, young men and young women leave school with a more or less superficial education, with some accomplishments, with a disinclination to work (perhaps false ideas of labor), and with no sort of industrial training. This state of things is creating an agitation in the North in favor of adding industrial departments to our public schools, where the use of tools, if not the rudiments of trades, can be taught, and instruction be received in domestic industries and economy. Whatever force these considerations have at the North, the question is a vital one with regard to the colored people in the South. With only the beginnings of independent home life, and with little possibility of instruction in trades or domestic industries, education for them must be of the hands as well as of the head. This principle was early recognized at Hampton and elsewhere, but the general importance of it is only just beginning, after years of experience, to be seen. In illustration of it I will select two schools which I have recently visited—the Austin Industrial School at Knoxville, Tennessee, and the Spelman Seminary at Atlanta, Georgia.

Over a dozen years ago Miss Emily L. Austin went from Boston and established a school for colored children in Knoxville, sustained by the contributions of Northern friends. It is needless to say now that her position was one of local obloquy and social ostracism. A woman of less tact, cultivation, refinement, and courage would have failed. She succeeded; she finally conquered prejudice, and to-day Knoxville is proud of her effort and of her school, and gives it, by vote of the School Board and by private contributions, substantial aid. Her work is also aided by a contribution from the Slater Fund. I cannot here go into the details of her missionary effort further than is necessary for illustration. She established her school, built a commodious school-house, which seemed ample for many years, but the number of scholars soon outgrew its accommodations. The aptitude of the colored children for education, and the desire of the colored people for learning, equalled her anticipations. It was the prevalent notion at the North, at the time she began her work, that all the colored people of the South needed to start them well in life was school-learning; having that, they would take care of themselves. Something was forgotten—namely, morals. There is no use to blink this subject. No intelligent colored or white person at the South ignores it or can ignore it. It is forced upon the attention of the most superficial observer. It is useless to discuss here whether slavery or ignorance or race tradition is responsible for the condition of morals; I shall speak of it now mainly with reference to education. When slavery ended, domestic fidelity, chastity, honesty, were to be learned, speaking broadly of millions of the enfranchised, with, of course, many exceptions. Has there been, after over twenty years of freedom, an improvement, a marked improvement, in these respects? The testimony, I am bound to say, is various and conflicting, according to locality, latitude, in city or in country. Even from some colored people I have received the most discouraging accounts, for some declare that there is less regard for morals in the new generation than in the old. Many people disbelieve entirely in the innate virtue of the colored race; others take stoutly the opposite view, and declare that there has been a striking growth in moral sense and responsibility in the past ten years. The subject is of the greatest moment to the whole country, and I make no apology for speaking plainly about it. The question is, has education, so far as it has gone, improved the morals of the colored people; that is, the moral conduct which is little affected by emotional religion? The answer to this in a few places and from a few persons has been "No"; in other places it has been that the improvement is only sporadic, and instances have been given conclusive of the capacity of the race for firm morality; in other places the answer has been unhesitatingly "Yes."

My own opinion, given not dogmatically, and for what it is worth, gained from very wide inquiry extending over nearly the whole South, is that education is slowly raising the moral tone. The improvement is not everywhere very marked, and my opinion is not so much drawn from sifting individual conflicting testimony as it is from marking certain broad tendencies and indications. The most striking of these indications is the sure growth of a public opinion among the colored people themselves, which, drawing social lines, begins to visit with social disapproval conduct which formerly subjected the lax offender to no social penalty. I think there can be no doubt of the dawning of this wholesome public opinion. Another indication is the jealousy of colored men of white interference—a certain pride of race. Speaking generally of the South, fewer mulatto children are born now than formerly. Another indication is the recent bringing of suits at law for domestic infidelity, and one still more important, several instances of which came under my notice, is the prosecution and expulsion of colored preachers by their congregations for immoral conduct. I am not intending here any invidious or philosophical disquisition upon the morals of the colored race; we are considering a question of civilization, and historically it is true of any race that thrift, intelligence, occupation, reasonable accumulation of property, decent, orderly homes, are necessary to good morals. The right sort of education, fitted to the time and people, should further all these ends.

Miss Austin succeeded in her school, succeeded in giving, year after year, to a great number of young men and women a fair book education. With what result? Only a few of them could be teachers. What were the rest fit for? The boys had no trades, the girls no occupations and little domestic training. Book-learning will seldom save an unemployed, untrained person from evil ways. Miss Austin saw that something more was necessary. She may have lost some illusions, but she was not disheartened. She set resolutely about organizing, this time with the public approval, an industrial school. In time the Austin School (overcrowded as it was and still is) became one of the public schools of the city; and she built, by heroic efforts, by the aid of Northern friends and also of Knoxville, a new building for industrial training. This establishment is now in successful operation, with a most promising outlook. It costs about $3000 a year to carry this on, and for this amount Miss Austin depends largely upon private contributions. Good teachers must be had, and they must be paid. The new building, which is of wood, 40 by 50 feet, three stories high, has rooms in the basement for a laundry. The pupils all are from the city public schools, and come on certain days and hours for industrial training. All the building is used for industrial purposes, except two rooms which are devoted to two grades of the city schools. It has in successful operation a kindergarten kitchen for the little girls, a cooking school for older girls and even women, a sewing school, and in a separate building there is a well-fitted carpenter's shop, and soon will be a cobbler's shop. The elements of house-keeping are also taught. Thus, this school is teaching women the domestic arts, without which good homes are impossible, and the boys trades to a limited extent. I believe that this school and a few others like it in the South are key-notes to the self-support, self-respect, and civilization of the enfranchised.

One of the best schools anywhere, tried by several standards, is the Spelman Seminary for colored women and girls, at Atlanta, Georgia. It has about five hundred pupils, is under the auspices of the American Baptist Home Mission Society of New York, and is supported by the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society of New England. It has in Rockefeller Hall (the magnificent gift of Mr. J. D. Rockefeller) one of the handsomest and best constructed school buildings in the South. In the course and thoroughness of instruction and the character of its scholars it is worthy of special mention among the most beneficent educational institutions of the country. But it is of its industrial features that I wish particularly to speak, for the inspection of which I am indebted to the courtesy of the principals, Miss S. B. Packard and Miss H. E. Giles. The industrial department, thanks to the aid of the Slater Fund, is prominent, and is doing a great and necessary work in the training of colored women to be self-reliant and self-supporting. The industrial department includes cooking, washing, ironing, chamber-work, and plain sewing. Every boarder (and board with tuition costs only seven dollars a month) is required to learn the art of house-keeping in all its branches. The sewing department teaches the cutting, making, and mending of garments, and different kinds of needle-work, the dress-maker's trade thoroughly, if that is desired, and also that of the milliner. It is proposed to fit up a carpenter's shop, so that girls can learn to make sets of apparatus for use in different studies in the course. Girls are also taught to set type in a little printing office, where much of the printing of the establishment is done, and where is issued monthly the *Spelman Messenger*.

But a department which most interested me, partly because it is new, was the Training School for Nurses, where the instruction is both theoretical and practical. It is under the charge of Miss Dr. S. B. Jones, a skilled colored surgeon from

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* The previous articles and illustrations of this series were published as follows: Lynchburg, Virginia, in No. 1568; Richmond, Virginia, in No. 1569; Danville, Virginia, in No. 1571; Atlanta, Georgia, in No. 1573; Augusta, Georgia, in No. 1575; Birmingham, Alabama, in No. 1579; and North Carolina, No. 1581, of the Weekly. Copies of these issues will be sent on receipt of a remittance covering the cost of the number required.

Canada. The class is not large, but it is composed of bright and intelligent girls, who take this instruction in addition to their other studies, or as an after-graduate course. They are theoretically instructed in anatomy and physiology, the science of hygiene and of nursing the sick. A hospital ward is also organized, where practical training is given in the details of surgery and of the care of the sick. So far as I could judge from the examination, the theories were very well apprehended; and in some "object lessons" given in the ward the girls showed that they had attained skill in manipulations. It is expected that a city hospital for colored people will be established near enough to give them a chance for practice. As offering an employment for colored young women, suited in every way to their natures and capacity, I saw nothing at the South more encouraging than this training school. The South needs, white and colored people alike, trained nurses, which have become such an indispensable blessing at the North within the last few years. The colored women are naturally capital nurses—gentle, patient, dexterous. With proper knowledge and proper training, they will become excellent in the sick-chamber and the hospital, and be everywhere in demand. I do not know of any other employment (since only comparatively few of those educated can become teachers) which offers at this moment such a wide, profitable, and safe field for intelligent colored women as this of the trained nurse. The encouragement of such schools seems to me of the highest importance, and I hope to hear that this at Spelman is growing and establishing a character, and that it is imitated in all Southern cities where opportunity offers.

Charles Dudley Warner.

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

It is just eleven years since the Westminster Kennel Club's inaugural bench show was held in Madison Square Garden, in New York city. While it was not the first gathering of dog-fanciers in this country, the increase of exhibitions of the kind in America dates from the show of 1877. Since then the number has been steadily growing larger, until a dozen or more shows are annually held in this country and Canada, while this year first-class shows have already been held at Buffalo, Newark, Providence, Boston, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and Hartford. These have all been well attended, and the public, which in the early dog-show days was amazed on discovering how many different kinds of dogs there really were, is now beginning to emphasize its visits to the dogs with critical observations on the various breeds. The shows are no longer convivial meetings, only attended by shooting men and professional dog dealers; polite society is now represented by fully as many exhibitors as the sporting classes.

It is interesting at this time to take a retrospective glance at the dog shows of the past, and note the changes that have occurred. We see the old style of American setter supplanted by one of English type, which differs widely in conformation and color. We see this dog carry all before it in shooting circles for a number of years, to the detriment of the pointer. Now we observe the pointer at last get the recognition it deserves, and the setter share the honors with him. In turn the Irish setter and the black-and-tan setter have had their day, but the latter has never been as great a favorite as the other three breeds of field dogs. We see a long line of magnificent non-sporting dogs take the place of a mere handful of very inferior animals. For the most part the dogs of the present are of English breeding, and have been only purchased at long prices from dealers on the other side. Unlike the various strains of setters and pointers, which have generally been self-supporting for some time past, the owners of non-sporting dogs, with the exception of the collie and fox-terrier men, have not yet done much in the way of large systematic and successful breeding. This of course will come later on, but it requires both time and practical experience for American breeders to keep up with the English ones, who set the ever-changing fashions.

While many of the breeds have been fashionable for a time, and then retrograded in the fancy of the public—such as the black-and-tan setters and pugs—the collies, mastiffs, St. Bernards, fox-terriers, spaniels, beagles, bull-dogs, bull-terriers, and the Yorkshire terriers have steadily continued to increase in popularity, and will do so for some time to come. On the other hand, the Irish water-spaniel and Chesapeake Bay dog have disappeared from our shows, and it is with regret we find the once much-admired Newfoundland becoming almost extinct. Yet while Americans have drawn largely on England for her best specimens, it is due to the great popularity of dog shows that their great object has been attained—the importation of the best stock, and improvement of the various breeds in this country.

The present show, like most of its predecessors, is characteristic of the rapid strides that have been made in the canine world. The new method of benching, and the introduction of the wire netting partitions in place of board ones, is a great improvement, and gives a much better view of the dogs in their pens.

The show opened on May 3, and continued four days. Some thirty-two different breeds of dogs were on exhibition, divided according to sex and age into over one hundred classes. The animals, as heretofore, represented all the dog centres in this country and Canada. When it is remembered that nearly $20,000 will directly and indirectly be awarded in prizes at shows this year in this country, and that the Westminster Kennel Club's prize list is ever liberal, it is not unnatural that the competitions will be interesting and exciting. This year the New York show has secured the entry of 992 dogs. This number compares favorably with the entries of previous years. The official catalogue shows: mastiffs, 36; St. Bernards, 101; Newfoundlands, 9; English bloodhounds, 1; Great Danes, 6; deer-hounds, 21; greyhounds, 18; fox-hounds, 7; pointers, 113; English setters, 102; Irish setters, 55; black-and-tan setters, 14; spaniels, both field and cockers, 76; collies, 85; poodles, 21; Basset hounds, 2; Dachshundes, 11; beagles, 33; bull-dogs, 26; bull-terriers, 30; fox-terriers, 79; black-and-tan terriers, 5; Scotch terriers, 4; Dandie Dinmonts, 2; Bedlington terriers, 3; Irish terriers, 8; Skye terriers, 7; Yorkshire terriers, 25; toy terriers, 17; pugs, 23; toy spaniels, 22; Italian greyhounds, 9; miscellaneous dog class, 11.

The judges were as follows: Mr. Herbert Mead, mastiffs; Mr. James Mortimer, St. Bernards; Mr. Ronald H. Barlow, English bloodhounds, Newfoundlands, great Danes, bull-dogs, bull-terriers, Scotch, Dandie Dinmont, Bedlington, and Skye terriers, Dachshundes and Bassets; Mr. John O. Donner, pointers and English setters; Mr. W. H. Pierce, Irish and black-and-tan setters, Mr. J. H. Winslow, spaniels; M. Percy C. Reid, of England, fox-terriers and Irish terriers; Dr. H. M. Cryer, pugs, black-and-tan terriers, Yorkshire terriers, and toy spaniels; Mr. J. R. Pierson, deer-hounds, greyhounds, poodles, and Italian greyhounds; Mr. W. F. Streeter, beagles and fox-hounds; Mr. Thomas H. Terry, collies; and Messrs. Barlow and Pierson, miscellaneous classes.

THE GOLD-SNAKE MINE.

Tereno Munoz was about eighteen years old. Her father was a Mexican, and her mother a Comanche squaw. She had straight black hair, black eyes, a good figure, and a good deal of strength. She was as full of superstition and belief in ghosts and spirits as an egg is full of meat. She was nice and lady-like, and she had a curiously soft voice. When she was sixteen, Juaquin Costello fell in love with her. He played the guitar opposite her window steadily for five weeks, he smoked cigarritos in front of the house while talking to her father, old Pedro Munoz, and he was finally accepted as her prospective husband. Now the last person to expect that Teresita would object to anything her father had arranged for her was old Pedro himself. When, then, he announced to her that she was to look upon Juaquin Costello as her master for the future, and she made a scene, there was what might pass for a row in that cabin. Of course old Pédro stormed, and of course her mother sat on the clay floor in what might be called silent misery, and finally Señorita Tereno won. She would not be married to Juaquin; and as she would not, she was not.

Tereno had, among her other queer beliefs, a full confidence in the gold-snake. This is the funniest superstition that you can imagine. If you find a species of snake something like a black-snake, but with yellow bars on the back, anywhere down on the Mexican border, and then you find where that snake lives, you can find a ledge of quartz containing free gold. Tereno believed this, and she knew where one of the gold-snakes lived. She kept the secret carefully—at least until Henry Brown arrived there with his team of mules, freighting over the old southern trail. "Red Head," as Mr. Brown was ordinarily called, was a pronounced blonde. He met Tereno, and Tereno met him, and the two fell in love with each other. In fact, they liked each other so much that Mr. Brown attempted to learn the guitar, though he had no fingers fit for the work, and had not the least scintilla of music in his soul; and of all persons on this earth he selected Señor Juaquin Costello as a teacher. Juaquin grinned and made cigarritos rapidly when he understood what Mr. Brown had come to him for. He agreed, however, at once to give the lessons, and he suggested they should take place at Señor Munoz's house. The spectacle of Mr. Brown's work on the guitar under the instruction of Señor Costello, with Tereno looking on, would have moved a bronze statuette to tears.

The curious part of the thing was that Tereno could play the guitar herself, and play it well. The number of times that girl tried to get Mr. Brown to practise the instrument when she could tell him when he was wrong could not be told. Unfortunately Mr. Brown, in a bull-headed kind of way, had made up his mind that he would learn the thing by the aid of Señor Costello's instruction, and as it was impossible for Teresita to tell him that Juaquin had wanted her to marry him only two years before, the lessons went on as per agreement.

As might have been expected, Juaquin had made up his mind that the mules which Henry Brown owned were worth having, and he made a few cautious inquiries. Finding that Mr. Brown did not understand monte, Senor Costello invited him to play. For the first two weeks Mr. Brown won, and he told Teresita about his luck. As she knew monte, and also knew Juaquin, she urged upon Mr. Brown the wisdom of letting the game alone. He laughed at her, as he often did, and told her he could take care of himself. As this was told in his excessively curious Spanish, which no one but la señorita could understand, she sighed, and thought she had been wrong. Because it seemed to her that he was so strong and so brave it could not be true that, "el maldito, zat Juaquin, can be more good. *Carron!* No, Señor." And then Tereno went back in the yard to make a special candle on a string for the church next Sunday.

Unfortunately, one evening, after the lesson on the guitar, Juaquin and Harry left the Munoz cabin and walked down to the fonda. They sat down at monte, and had plenty of mescal brandy on the table. At first Harry won, but as the game went on the luck changed. It is a fact that if a man will play monte, and drink enough mescal at the same time, he is apt to lose his head. Mr. Brown lost his first, then all his money, then his watch, then his pocket-knife, and then his mules. Then he did what he ought to have done before—he went to bed.

The next morning, when Mr. Brown got up, he drained the water jug and dressed. Going down stairs, he wandered into the court-yard, and gazed with a lack-lustre eye and a sorrowful expression upon those mules. Juaquin was harnessing them up at the time, and Mr. Brown watched them driven out of the gate to the road. The greater part of the day he spent mooning around the hill-side, and he refreshed himself at intervals practising on the guitar. The only visible result of this was great depression expressed in the face of the peon who acted for a small salary as hall boy.

It was during that afternoon that Juaquin called upon old Pedro Munoz, and they had a short interview. When Mr. Brown went around in the evening as usual, old Pedro asked him to discontinue his visits. When Mr. Brown asked, "Porque, señor?" he was briefly and emphatically informed that any man who would put up a team of good mules in a game with Señor Costello was too big a fool to visit at the Munoz mansion. The result was that Mr. Brown retired to his room in the fonda, and delivered himself of the choicest collection of profane expletives he knew. He then went to bed. There not being any mescal left, Mr. Brown woke up early, and after dressing wandered down the road to where Teresita lived. He sat down on a stone and looked at the house, feeling about as miserable as a man can. He realized that if he had only taken Tereno's advice he might have married her, and he realized that now he did not have five cents with which to support her. Having no animals left, he did not even know how he was going to get out of the place unless he walked, and he recollected with pain the weary miles to be covered before he could get to Santa Cruz.

Mr. Brown started when he felt a hand on his shoulder, and turning, he saw, by the light of the late moon, Tereno wrapped in her mantilla. She did not speak, but pulled Harry's shoulder until he got up. With her finger on her lip she led the way through the chaparral until they were out of hearing from the houses, and then she flung herself passionately into his arms, kissing him again and again. Tereno led him down the gulch to the left, and walking carefully around the big bowlder, she pointed to the gold-snake lying there in his coil.

The marriage of Señorita Tereno Munoz and Mr. Henry Brown took place within two weeks after the sale of the Gold-snake Quartz Mine. There were present the father and mother of the bride. It has been said that Señor Juaquin Costello got the most awful thrashing from Señor Pedro Munoz during the afternoon that had been known upon the frontier for many years.

Alfred Balch.

GIANT SUNS.

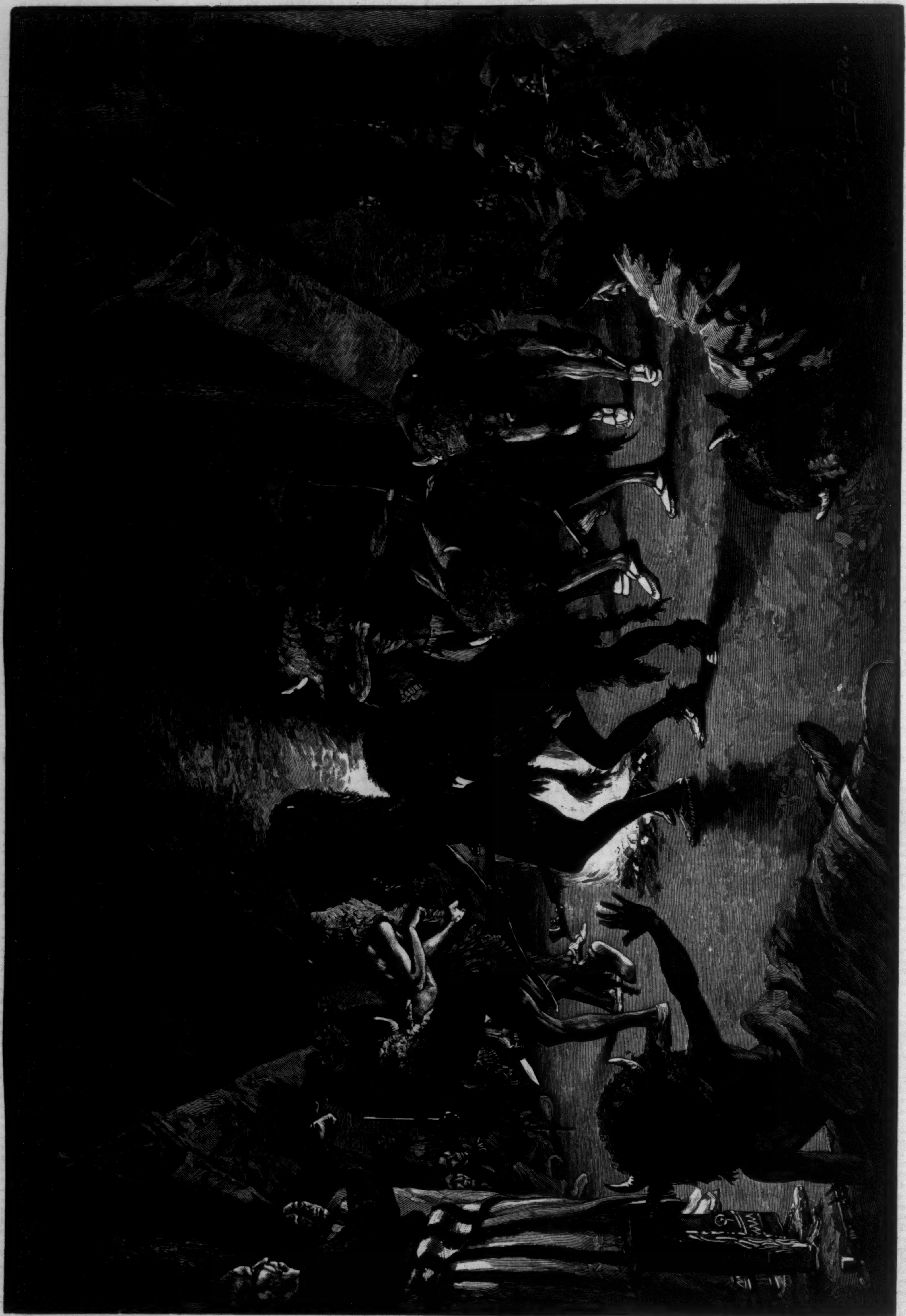
By RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

To many, perhaps, the idea may seem strange that any suns should be spoken of as giant suns by way of distinction, when we consider that in reality all suns must be giant orbs compared with our earth, herself no insignificant globe. Our sun may or may not be a fair average sample of a star. Possibly multitudes among the stars visible to us, and almost certainly many thousands among the stars disclosed by the telescope, are much less important globes than he is. Yet it is certain that the least among all the stars we see must be a giant compared with the earth, or even with the giant planets Jupiter and Saturn. From what we know of the way in which the light and heat of a sun are maintained, namely, by the attractive energies residing in the sun's mass, it is certain that a star whose light suffices to render it visible across the vast spaces which separate even the nearest stars from us must many thousand times exceed our earth in mass. Why then should any suns be distinguished from their fellows by being called giants? But the fact is that even though of all the stars we see, or which the telescope reveals, not one were less than our own sun in size and mass, we could still call the class of orbs to which I am now referring "giant suns." Vast though the sun is, he is the merest dwarf compared with the star we call Sirius, and Sirius is but one of a family of suns, each one of which surpasses our own sun hundreds of times in glory, and thousands of times probably in size.

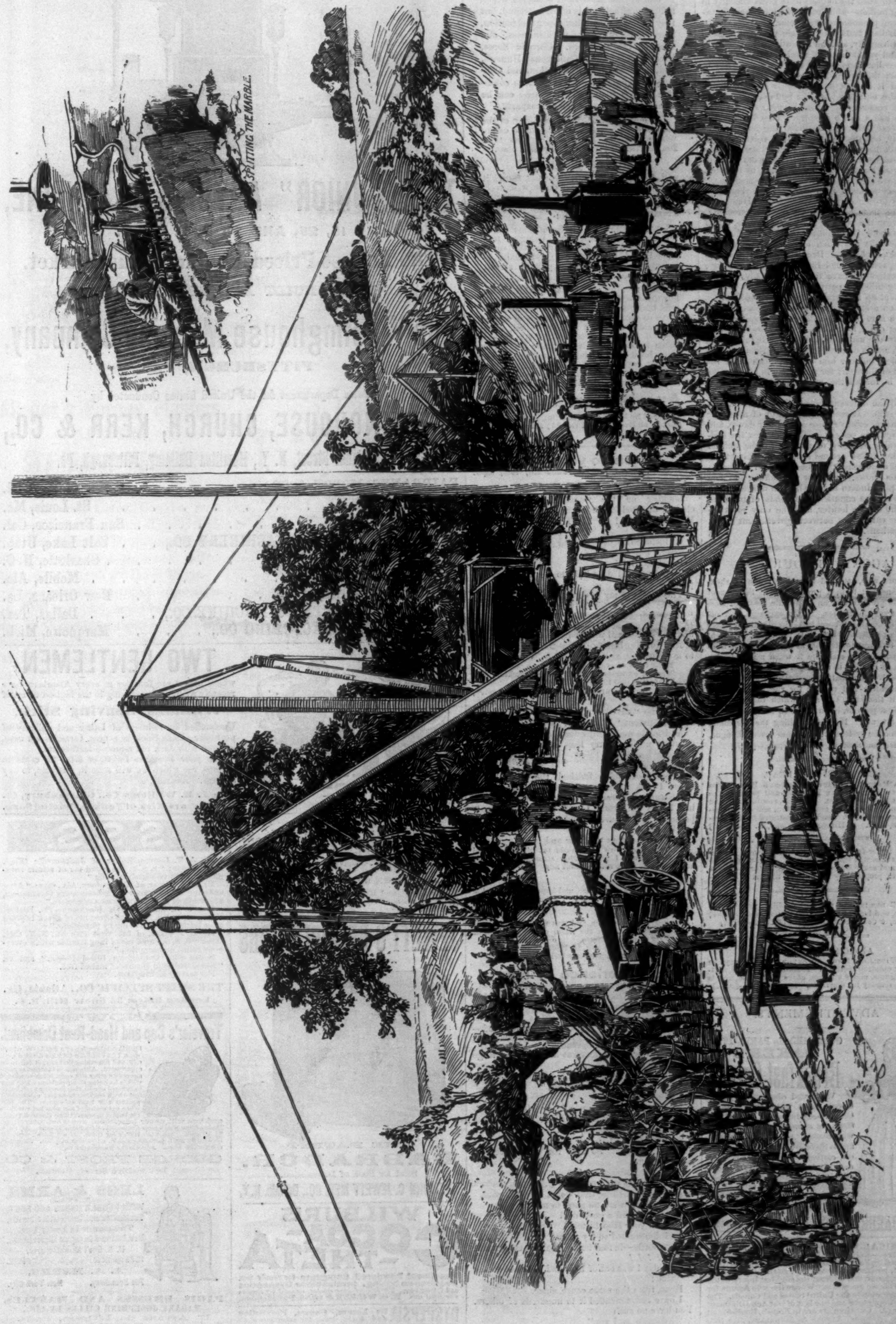
Consider the evidence in the case of Sirius, for example. The distance of Sirius has not been accurately determined, though he is down in the list of stars supposed by many to lie at known distances. The astronomer knows that in reality all the stars, save one or two, in the list of fifteen or twenty thus formed, lie at distances too great to be measurable by the instruments at present in use. Still we know enough about the distance of Sirius to be able to say with confidence that he is certainly three times farther away than Alpha Centauri, the nearest of all the stars, and probably not more than six times farther away. If we set Sirius four times as far away as Alpha Centauri, we shall probably be not far from the truth. Now it has been shown by careful comparison of our sun's light with that of Alpha Centauri that were our sun set beside that star, he would shine with about one-third the lustre of that nearest neighbor of ours among the stars; therefore if carried four times farther away, by which his light would be reduced, not fourfold, but sixteenfold, the sun would give but one 48th part as much light as Alpha Centauri, or one 192d part (say, in round numbers, one 200th part) of the light of Sirius, which shines four times more brightly in the heavens than the nearer star. Now we know nothing of the intrinsic lustre of the surface of Sirius; but from the researches of St. Claire Deville, Vicaire, and other physicists, it seems unlikely that the intrinsic lustre of any surface can much exceed that of the visible surface of our sun. Supposing the surface of Sirius to be twice as lustrous as our sun's, then Sirius must have a surface 100 times as large as our sun's (whose surface is nearly 12,000 times the earth's), which would make the diameter of Sirius ten times the sun's, and his globe 1000 times as great as even that giant orb of the sun, which exceeds our earth's in volume 1,300,000 times. It seems reasonable to regard such a difference as one rather of kind than merely of degree. Jupiter exceeds our earth 1250 times in volume, and we regard Jupiter therefore not merely as a larger earth, but as a giant planet unlike our earth in character. The sun exceeds Jupiter more than 1000 times in size, and belongs in like manner to a different class. We have to pass by a step of a similar kind to Sirius, who is certainly not less than 1000 times larger than our sun; therefore in this case also we recognize the larger body as belonging to a different class.

Now Sirius is one of a family of suns which, though not distinguishable, or at least not very obviously distinguishable, from other suns by their appearance, can be easily distinguished by means of that wonderful instrument of research the spectroscope. To the naked eye the stars of the same family as Sirius present a steely whiteness, very easily to be distinguished from the creamy, even rather yellowish, white of the stars which resemble our own sun. Sirius, Vega, Altair, and other stars of the first magnitude present this steely or bluish-white tint, but it is recognizable also in many stars which are not of the first magnitude, or even of the second. The spectroscope, however, gives the only trustworthy evidence by which the stars of this class are to be distinguished. The light of Sirius, sifted out by the spectroscope, is remarkable for the great strength and breadth of the dark lines of hydrogen—in other words, the four particular tints which hydrogen is capable of emitting, and therefore of absorbing, are so strongly absorbed by the hydrogen around Sirius as to show that that hydrogen is much greater in quantity and is much denser than the hydrogen around our sun. There is no mistaking evidence of this sort. It is what we might have expected in the case of a sun much larger and much more massive than our own. If we had recognized it in Sirius without knowing as we do that Sirius is much larger than our sun, we might have inferred the superior size of Sirius from this peculiarity alone. How much more certainly, however, do we recognize the force of such evidence when we find it corresponding with what we had already learned otherwise! Now out of six hundred stars observed by Secchi with the spectroscope, half were found to present the peculiar spectrum with strong lines of hydrogen, indicating an extensive envelop of this gas, much denser than the hydrogen round our sun. Among these three hundred stars, some, like the first-magnitude brilliants Altair and Vega, are known to be very much larger than our sun. We may safely infer that every one of these stars (half of the total number observed by Secchi) are of this larger class, so much larger than our sun, as we find from the typical case of Sirius, that we are obliged to set them in a separate class. Thus, then, there is a family or system of giant suns superior to our own in glory, in size, and doubtless in might also. If we apply to these bodies the same kind of reasoning which has been already applied to the planets, and has been confirmed by their aspect, we infer that these giant suns have much longer stages of sun-life; and that, on the whole, they are much younger than our sun, so far as development is concerned, having, in fact, passed through much shorter portions of their much longer lives.

I may add that a discovery recently made seems to show that for centuries we have had evidence, where we should certainly have little expected to find it, respecting the giant suns. It has been found that among the meteoric visitants of our earth are some which arrive with velocities so great that even the mighty attractive energy of our sun is not able perceptibly to alter their courses, while the swift rush of our earth upon her course around the sun is almost as rest compared with the tremendous velocities with which these bodies enter the solar system. As a shower of rain is affected in apparent direction by our motion through it in a carriage, whereas a shower of bullets from long-range rifles would not be, so meteors of ordinary velocities, to 30, 40, 50, or even 100 miles per second, are affected in their apparent course by the rush of the earth through them at a rate of 18½ miles per second. But now meteors have been discovered and classified which rush into the solar domain with such velocities that the earth's motion in her orbit is by comparison as nothing. For three or four months in succession, largely though the earth changes the direction of her motion in that time, these meteors come from the same apparent direction, or, in technical terms, have the same apparent "radiant" on the celestial sphere. Regarding ordinary meteors as having had their velocities imparted to them by the sun, or by the giant planets, as I have, I think, shown to be probable, whence else can these extra swift meteors have derived their amazing velocities but from the giant suns? Strange if it should come to be proved by steady meteoric inflow from unchanging directions that the giant suns, in the fiery energy of their early youth (a youth to last many millions of years) expel meteoric matter from their interiors with velocities compared with which even the vast velocity imparted by the sun (as in the great outburst of 1872) seems insignificant!



THE BUFFALO DANCE.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 334.]


SPLITTING THE MARBLE.

A MARBLE QUARRY NEAR KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM AND JOHN DURKIN.—[SEE ARTICLE "THE INDUSTRIAL SOUTH," PAGE 330.]

THE BUFFALO DANCE.

Among the Indians of the Northern plains is a custom called "dancing the buffalo." It is resorted to when the hunters have great difficulty in finding buffalo—a difficulty which has been growing more pronounced every year, until of late the poor Indian finds his "buffalo medicine dance" fail universally, and he has all but lost faith in it. And yet it has but rarely failed before, for the peculiar strength of the "medicine" lies in the fact that when the medicine dance is once started it is kept up religiously night and day until the outriders discover buffalo, and, as the Indian reasons, the dance brought them. The Crows had a dance recently. They believe that the Great Spirit has secluded the buffalo temporarily, but that as soon as he recovers from his sulk he will send them back again. The Crow dance did bring a half-dozen old bulls to the Crow hunters; not much meat, to be sure, but a sure sign of the strength of the medicine.

Ten or a dozen men dance at a time, and as they grow weary and leave their places, others take them, and so keep up the ceremony. They wear the head or mask of a buffalo, which each warrior is supposed to keep in his outfit; the tails are often attached to these by a long piece of hide. Drums are beaten, rattles shaken, and the usual Indian yelling is kept up. The hunters all have their arms ready, and the outlying hills are patrolled. These dances have been kept up in certain villages for two or three weeks on a stretch without stopping an instant. When a man becomes fatigued, he signifies it by bending quite low, when another draws a bow and hits him with a blunt arrow. He falls to the ground, and is dragged off by the spectators, who proceed to butcher him in play, much after the fashion of children; for the Indian in his sportive moods is for all the world like an overgrown boy.

In all the different dances the Indians have a special step. It reaches the zenith of muscular exertion and extravagance in the war dance, and is very quiet in certain medicine dances, the bodies seeming scarcely to move. In the buffalo dance they follow around in a circle, lifting their feet and undulating their bodies much as the illustration shows. Alas for the buffalo, and alas for the poor Indian too, the buffalo dance will no more bring the countless thousands of bison to the sight of the hunter, and the only meat he will ever eat ranges between government steers and sage-hens.

AGONY IS COURTED

By persons who, attacked by a mild form of rheumatism, neglect to seek prompt relief. Subsequent torture is prevented by an immediate resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Slight exposure, and occasional draught, will beget this painful malady, where there is a predisposition to it in the blood. It is not difficult to arrest the trouble at the outset, but well-nigh impossible to eradicate it when matured. No evidence in relation to this superb blood depurent is more positive than that which establishes its efficacy as a preventive and remedy for rheumatism. Not only is it thorough, but safe, which the vegetable and mineral poisons, often taken as curatives of the disease, are not. Besides expelling the rheumatic virus from the system, it overcomes fever and ague, billiousness, constipation, and dyspepsia.—[*Adv.*]

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums Perfectly Restore the Hearing and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable, and always in position. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials, Free. F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

If you suffer from looseness of the bowels, Angostura Bitters will surely cure you. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

For all mental and physical debility, nervous exhaustion, and lack of tone in the system, use *Thurber, Whyland, & Co.'s Restorative Wine of Coca.*—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

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Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has ***three times the strength*** of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, ***costing less than one cent a cup.*** It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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CHEMICAL Hair Remover Powder Depilutoire.—Entharungs Mittel. This preparation, first discovered by Prof. Dr. Bottger, the celebrated German Chemist, positively removes hair, so that it will never again reappear, and without the slightest injury to the skin. This we guarantee. We are the sole Agents for this preparation in the United States and Canada. The Powder Depilutoire and one box of Our Acne Ointment sent for $3. Our circulars are in French, English, and German. Address Alpert & Asthalter, 3716 Butler Street, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Scrofula

Is one of the most fatal scourges which afflict mankind. It is often inherited, but may be the result of improper vaccination, mercurial poisoning, uncleanliness, and various other causes. Chronic Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, Cancerous Humors, and, in some cases, Emaciation, and Consumption, result from a scrofulous condition of the blood. This disease can be cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

I inherited a scrofulous condition of the blood, which caused a derangement of my whole system. After taking less than four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla I am

Entirely Cured

and, for the past year, have not found it necessary to use any medicine whatever. I am now in better health, and stronger, than ever before.—O. A. Willard, 218 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.

I was troubled with Scrofulous Sores for five years; but, after using a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the sores healed, and I have now good health.—Elizabeth Warnock, 54 Appleton street, Lowell, Mass.

Some months ago I was troubled with Scrofulous Sores on my leg. The limb was badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. Every remedy failed, until I used Ayer's Sarsaparilla. By taking three bottles of this medicine the sores have been entirely healed, and my health is fully restored. I am grateful for the good this medicine has done me.—Mrs. Ann O'Brian, 158 Sullivan st., New York.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Listen to your Wife.

The Manchester Guardian, June 8th, 1883, says: At one of the "Windows"

Looking on the woodland ways! With clumps of rhododendrons and great masses of May blossoms ! ! ! "There was an interesting group."

It included one who had been a "Cotton-spinner," but was now so

Paralyzed ! ! !

That he could only bear to lie in a reclining position.

This refers to my case.

I was first Attacked twelve years ago with "Locomoter Ataxy"

(A paralytic disease of nerve fibre rarely ever cured), and was for several years barely able to get about.

And for the last five years not able to attend to my business, although

Many things have been done for me.
The last experiment being Nerve stretching.
Two years ago I was voted into the

Home for Incurables! Near Manchester, in May, 1882.

I am no "advocate;" "For anything in the shape of patent "Medicines?"

And made many objections to my dear wife's constant urging to try Hop Bitters, but finally to pacify her—

Consented ! !

I had not quite finished the first bottle when I felt a change come over me. This was Saturday, November 3d. On Sunday morning I felt so strong I said to my room companions, "I was sure I could

"Walk!

So started across the floor and back.

I hardly knew how to contain myself. I was all over the house. I am gaining strength each day, and can walk quite safe without any

"Stick!"

Or support.

I am now at my own house, and hope soon to be able to earn my own living again. I have been a member of the Manchester

"Royal Exchange"

For nearly thirty years, and was most heartily congratulated on going in the room on Thursday last.

Very gratefully yours, John Blackburn.

Manchester, (Eng.) Dec. 24, 1883.

Two years later am perfectly well.

One Experience of Many.

Having experienced a great deal of

"Trouble!" from indigestion, so much so that I came near losing my

Life!

My trouble always came after eating any food—

However light,
And digestible,

For two or three hours at a time I had to go through the most

Excruciating pains,

"And the only way I ever got"

"Relief!"

Was by throwing up all my stomach contained ! ! No one can conceive the pains that I had to go through, until

"At last?"

I was taken! "So that for three weeks I lay in bed and

Could eat nothing ! ! !

My sufferings were so that I called two doctors to give me something that would stop the pain.

Their efforts were no good to me.

At last I heard a good deal

"About your Hop Bitters!

And determined to try them."

Got a bottle—in four hours I took the contents of

One *! ! ! !*

Next day I was out of bed, and have not seen a

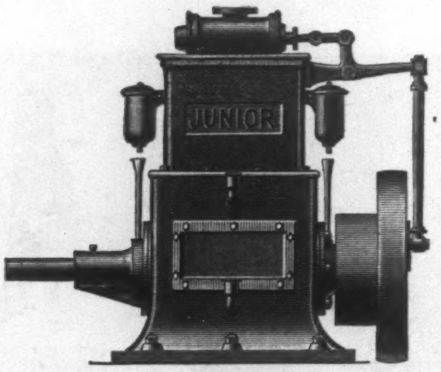
"Sick!"

Hour, from the same cause, since.

I have recommended it to hundreds of others. You have no such

"Advocate as I am."

Geo. Kendall, Allston, Boston, Mass.



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whose names are familiar to every American have recently written us, speaking in the highest terms of

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Unequalled in richness of lather and delicacy of perfume. Each Stick in a neat, turned-wood case, covered with dark red morocco leatherette.

Ask your Druggist for it, or send 25 cents in Stamps, for which we will send it, postpaid, to any address. Address,

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct.
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DYE, CLEAN, and REFINISH DRESS GOODS and Garments without ripping. Send for Circular and Price-list.

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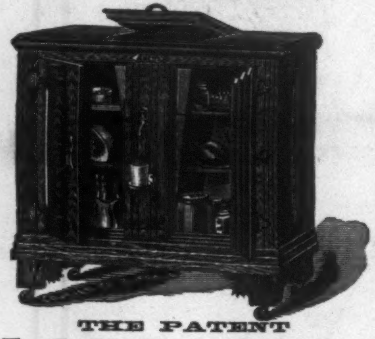

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DYSPEPSIA Its Nature, Causes, Prevention and Cure, being the experience of an actual sufferer, by John H. McAlvin, Lowell, Mass., 14 years Tax Collector. Sent free to any address.

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Mr. J. T. Groves, Editor of Jacksonville (Fla.), *Herald*, says: "S. S. S. has cured me of sciatic rheumatism of three years' standing."

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Mrs. C. A. Baily, of 17½ Blackstone St., Boston, Mass., says: "S. S. S. has cured me of Black Leprosy after being given up to die by physicians."

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Books on "Contagious Blood Poison" and on "Blood and Skin Diseases" mailed free.

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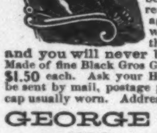
Traveler's Cap and Head-Rest Combined.



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WITH RUBBER HANDS AND FEET.
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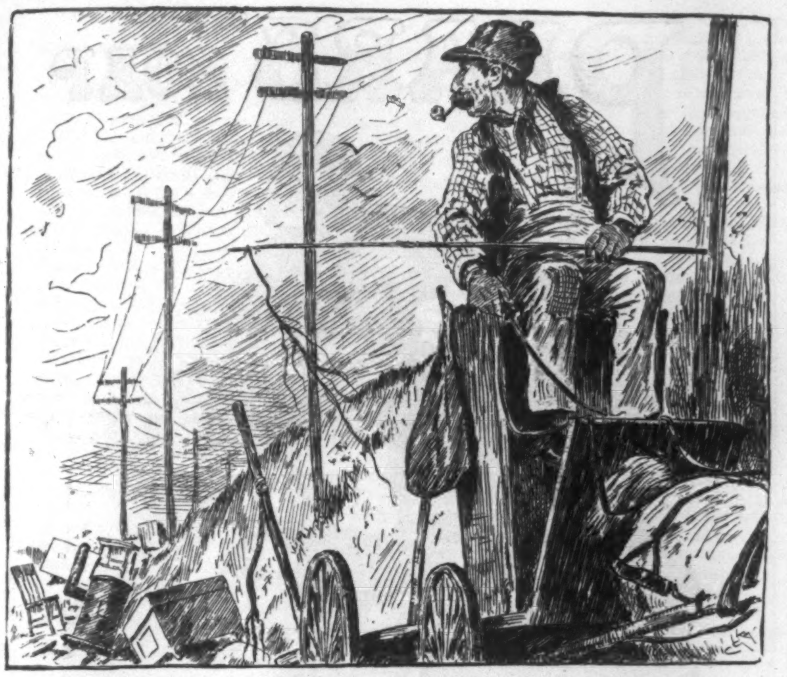
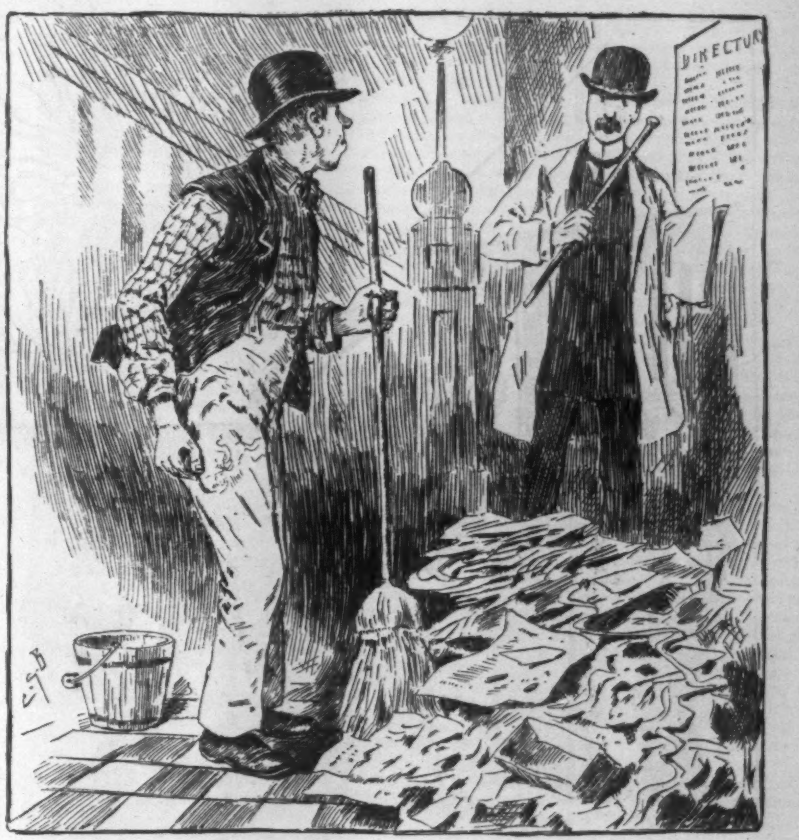
Many years with **MAISON LAUR.**
English well spoken.



A MOVEMENT IN MAY.

"Py Jimminy! I tho't as how the old hoss come up the hill pretty quicker 'n I ever knew him to afore."



A MAN OF PEACE.

LANDLORD. "Here, Tim, what are you about there?"

TIM (*the porter*). "Begorra! the Perlice says I mustn't swape out; you says, swape up; an' the man on the nixt flure says, if I don't swape down, he'll break me hid. Sure 'n' if I burn 'em, there'll be no disputin' which way they is to go, at all, at all."

Allcock's Porous Plasters
ARE THE
STANDARD REMEDY

For Weak Back, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Pulmonary and Kidney Difficulties, Malaria, Dyspepsia, Heart, Spleen, Liver, and Stomach Affections, Strains, and all Local Pains.

The valuable curative properties of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are due to the employment of the very highest medical and chemical skill. They act safely, promptly, and effectually; do not burn or blister, but soothe and relieve while curing.

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Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to SOUPS, GRAVIES, FISH, HOT & COLD MEATS, GAME, WELSH-RAREBITS, &c.

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Signature is on every bottle of the genuine.

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IN GLASS OR WOOD. FULLY EQUAL TO THE BEST IMPORTED
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SKIN TORTURES OF A LIFETIME INSTANTLY relieved by a warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, a real Skin beautifier, and a single application of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure.

This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unirritating, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure

Eczema, tetter, ringworm, psoriasis, lichen, pruritus, scall head, dandruff, and every species of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin and scalp, with loss of hair, when physicians and all known remedies fail.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

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The Best on Wheels. Light, strong, convenient and low priced. **Handy** to get into and out of. **Handy** for single horse or pair. **Handy** for one person or more. **Handy** to load or unload. *Send for Free Circular, "How to purchase direct from the manufacturer."*

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"Actuated by the same impulse which makes us turn our faces towards a fresh breeze" we "grasp a bottle of 'Sanitas' in a sick room." —ANNIE THOMAS in "Eyre of Blendon."

"SANITAS" FLUID, OIL, POWDER, SOAPS, &c.
40 Cents each Preparation.

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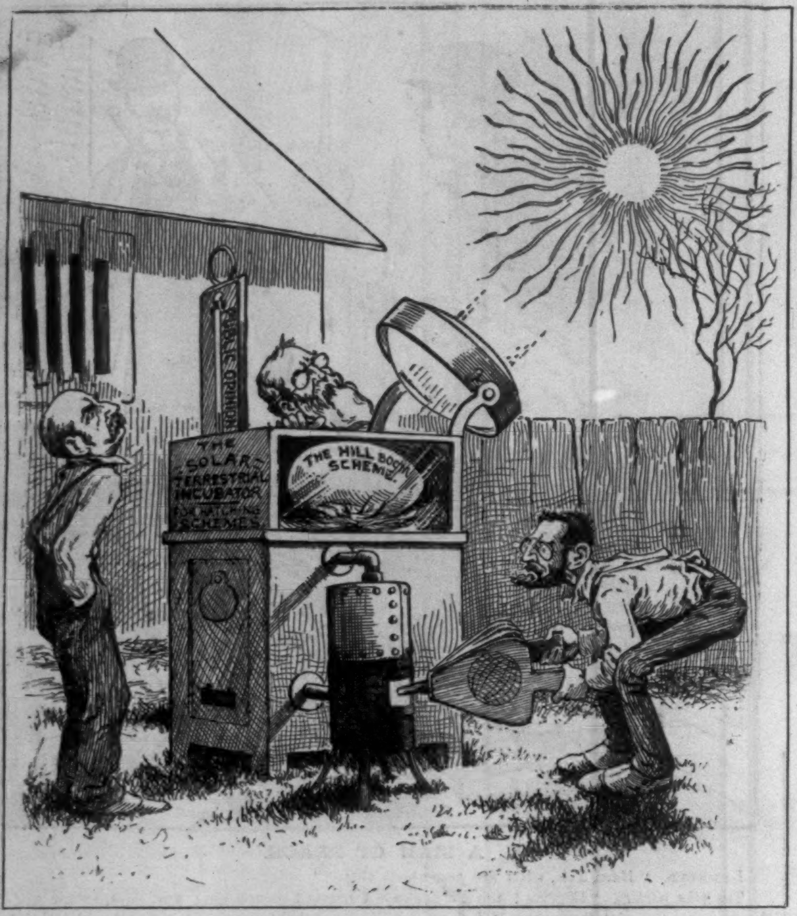
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DISORDERED STOMACH,
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To sap the strength of high and low;
By day the strongest nerves to shake,
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THE PARIS SALON.

SOME PICTURES BY AMERICAN ARTISTS.

As far as one can judge from the pictures seen in the Paris studios, the American painters will make an excellent average show at the Salon of 1887. Mr. John S. Sargent, absorbed by his London success, will unfortunately not exhibit in Paris; Mr. W. T. Dannat has been forced to abstain from work all the winter through ill health, and will be represented only by a small portrait head; and Mr. Edwin L. Weeks, who has been spending the winter in India, sends only a small picture of Nautch Girls at Bombay, a souvenir of a previous visit to the East; but, with these three exceptions, all the well-known American painters in Europe will be fairly represented, and some of the younger men will assert their growing talent by comparatively strong work. The reader will kindly bear in mind that the following notes do not contain a mention of all the American pictures which will figure in the Salon, but only of those which the writer was able to examine in the artists' studios before they were sent to the Salon. The list has been made as complete as circumstances would allow.

Henry Bacon: "Au Cabestan." On the pebbly beach of Étretat fisher men and women are pushing round one of the quaint capstans by means of which they haul their boats high and dry up the steep strand. This scene of Normandy coast life is simply and effectively rendered, and in the whole conception of the picture Mr. Bacon shows to advantage those qualities of anecdotic painting which always make the reproductions of his works so popular.

Frank Myers Boggs: "The Paris Central Market" (size, 16 feet by 13 feet). From the lofty vantage point of a sixth-floor window we look down upon the central market of Paris, and witness the animated scene which "Le Ventre de Paris," to use Zola's title, presents at six o'clock in the morning. To the right is a line of gray and yellow houses covered with signs and lettering—wine-shops in which the gas-lights are still burning, hotels, and popular restaurants. Beyond is the gigantic mass of the Church of St. Eustache, with its flying-buttresses astraddle across the roof. To the left we look down on the roof of the market and on the gray façade of glass and iron. In the distance beyond are the roofs and chimneys of Paris, an interminable maze, which vanishes in the horizon of the gray morning sky. Between the market and the line of houses, which form, as it were, the sides of a deep ravine, we see the street, with on one side the row of shade trees, the advertising pillars, and the street lamps, and at the bottom of this ravine thousands of people, the vast crowd of busy market folks, swarming like ants. The conception of the picture is original and audacious, but Mr. Boggs happily possesses talent and skill enough to enable him to wrestle successfully with all the accumulated difficulties of his subject, given its inherent complexity, and given the extraordinary point of view. The difficulties of perspective alone are very great. The difficulty of rendering the aspect of a moving crowd of thousands of people is still greater. Seen from such an elevation, the general aspect of the crowd would be a restless mass of a bluish tone, dotted here and there with patches of white or red or yellow, produced by the fichus and kerchiefs of the market-women. By dint of fixed examination of a limited space in the crowd we could finally distinguish human forms, and even the blurred configuration of human faces. In Mr. Boggs's painted crowd we find the results of these successive series of observations faithfully recorded. the blue mass, the spots of color, the semblance of forms and faces. When you look at it close, the crowd is a confused scumble of paint; at a distance, the confusion becomes significant; each patch has its value and meaning; the confusion assumes the aspect and gives you the impression of a crowd. This picture will certainly be one of the striking works of this year's Salon.

Howard Russell Butler: "Waves," a promising marine study, and "Moonrise," which represents a coast scene with figures at St. Ives, Cornwall. The choice of an effect such as Mr. Butler has sought to render in this latter picture indicates a laudable ambition on the part of the painter; but at the same time it is an effect which must be felt deeply and not superficially, and rendered simply and naïvely and not with a display of technical processes. The painting of Mr. Butler seems to have had all the freshness and emotion tortured out of it by the too zealous application of the theory of complementary colors. Chemistry and optics are dangerous studies for a painter of nature.

F. A. Bridgman: "Sur les Terrasses, Alger" (size, 5 feet 3 inches by 4 feet 8 inches). A perspective view of the white terraces of Algiers, with in the background the dome, roofs, and irregular dividing walls of these house-top promenades that rise tier above tier up the hill-side on which the town is built. To the left, over the parapet of the terrace which fills the foreground of the picture, we see, down below, the port of Algiers and sailing craft and smoking steamers, and beyond the port a broad tract of yellowish-green sea stretching away to the Melidjeh plain and the hills of Aures. A girl in white, with a yellow fichu over her head and shoulders, leans against the parapet and gossips with a neighbor, whose black eyes and hair are alone visible above the white line of the boundary wall. This subject of the terrace roofs of Algiers might have been treated as a delicate symphony in white, warming into grays and blues and violets, and enlivened here and there with the louder note of a bright costume, a flower, or a mural painted ornament. In Mr. Bridgman's picture all the elements of such a symphony exist, only they are not symphonized, and they are not symphonized because the artist never perceived the symphony of his subject in nature, but simply the superficial juxtaposition of colors visible in the various details of a composition, which doubtless struck him first of all by the mere oddness of the outline and of the perspective. "Sur les Terrasses" is wanting in those qualities of delicate observation and acute synthetic perception of color which could alone render it interesting. This is unfortunate, for during the past three years Mr. Bridgman has not been producing work quite worthy of the high position he holds in Paris as a representative American artist.

Walker Gay: "Une Supplication à Richelieu" (size, 4 feet by 3 feet). In a room hung with embroidered tapestries and portraits, with a window on the left opening on to a garden, the cardinal, clad in scarlet, is seated in an arm-chair beside the fire. In one hand he holds a pen and in the other a parchment. Two Dominican monks, envoys of his Holiness, stand respectfully before him, and one is in the act of bowing to the cardinal. To the left, near the window, stands a halberdier. This is an excellent genre picture, painted with great simplicity and distinction. The three figures are powerful, realistic, and possessed each of a marked individuality; the details of the ornamentation and furniture are treated with rare sobriety; the style of painting is that of an artist who never needs to slur, or to affect a broad and dashing touch, in order to avoid a difficulty or to conceal incapacity. The picture throughout is painted with equal care and equal sureness of means and of aim. The color is frank and rich, and at the same time unforced; and the whole work has something of that precious aspect, that appearance of completeness, that simple, direct, and yet unobtrusive power of attraction, which fascinates and charms us in the Dutch genre masters of the old days.

F. Childe Hassam: "La Rue Bonaparte" (size, 6 feet by 3 feet). A high wall covered with many-colored posters; a cab-stand, with coachmen wrapped up in their cloaks; on the opposite sidewalk foot-passengers hurrying along with their umbrellas open to shelter them from the rain; in the background the trees of the Luxembourg garden; in the foreground a man dragging a hand-cart. There are many excellent qualities in this street scene; the color is delicate and true; the atmosphere is thoroughly Parisian; the observation of the figures in the successive distances is precise. The man who sees things as they really are, and who paints them as he sees them, is in a fair way to becoming an excellent artist: there are so many men who only see things as others see them, and who paint them only as they have seen others paint them.

D. Ridgway Knight: "In October" (size, 8 feet by 5 feet). A scene of French agricultural life. A vast potato field, bounded on the left by a grassy slope and tufts of bushes, stretches away back over the plain, leading the eye through a broad airy expanse to a distant curtain of trees, and to a horizon line of soft blue hills. The sky overhead is bluish-gray and sunless—a cold autumn sky, saddened, as it were, by a presentiment of the approaching gloom of winter, retaining still here and there a souvenir of summer brightness, but veiled by the thickening shroud of October moisture. To the right, in the foreground, is a pile of harness, and a two-wheeled rustic cart with the shafts inclined downward, the swinging seat hung on straps, and the whip in the socket. Near the cart are heaps of potatoes, and a peasant girl and a young man, the one holding open the mouth of a sack, and the other filling it with potatoes; and the young girl is blushing and smiling and bending her head with joy mingled with embarrassment, for the young man is speaking to her words of blandishment. To the left, under the shelter of the grassy bank dotted with red and yellow flowers, a fire is burning; and seated near the fire on some full sacks an old woman is stirring the mid-day soup; a little boy kneels on the ground the better to watch the potatoes roasting in the embers; a young girl with two empty baskets threaded on her arm stands, and resting one foot on a stone, warms it at the fire, and looks over her shoulder somewhat jealously at the smiling rival who is coquetting with her rustic gallant. The picture tells a story discreetly, leaving the spectator free to embroider upon the simple theme as much sentiment and intention as he pleases. The landscape is executed with a breadth which does not exclude careful and even minute observation. Mr. Knight has never painted a better work, from all points of view, than this agricultural idyl "En Octobre"; and this opinion I give without forgetting that excellent and touching picture "Un Deuil," which this artist exhibited at the Salon of 1882.

Henry Mosler: "Abandoned" (size, 13 feet by 10 feet). Mr. Mosler has had the good fortune to meet with a patron who has ordered of him three pictures for which are to be paid the sum of $75,000 the three. "Abandoned" is the first of this costly trinity. The scene is laid in the vicinity of Fort Stanton, New Mexico. We are supposed to be up in the mountains amongst moss-covered rocks shaded by pine-trees. To the right a company of Apache Indians is seen starting on the war-path, defiling one after the other through a winding track between the rocks, and disappearing amongst the trees. On the left, in the foreground, is an old woman and a sick young girl, who have been abandoned to their fate by the rest of the tribe, and also the mother of the sick girl, who is sacrificing herself rather than leave her daughter to die uncared for. The costumes of this principal group, and the various accessories lying near them on the ground, are painted with minute exactness. All the figures are life size. This picture, which certainly represents a great effort on the part of the painter, is at once sentimental, anecdotic, and ethnographical.

Stephen Hills Parker: two portraits of ladies. The portrait of Mlle. L——, in black, shows serious qualities of painting and of modelling.

Charles Sprague Pearce: "St. Genevieve" (size, 7 feet by 5 feet 6 inches). A soft blue autumn sky clouded with gray; on the horizon a white band of light; a line of gray cottages, one in ruins, with distant trees and village roofs visible through the skeleton rafters; in the middle distance a green field with sheep grazing; and in the foreground the shepherdess of Nanterre, St. Genevieve, standing with her hands crossed, her face slightly raised heavenward, and her eyes half closed with an expression of ecstatic meditation. St. Genevieve is clad in rustic garb—a blue patched skirt and a yellowish-gray pelerine with faded green hood. The gray dusty green landscape, the sheep grazing peacefully, the line of gray cottages, the simple peasant girl, the effect of chilly autumn atmosphere, are all treated with great skill and with considerable sentiment. In no previous picture by Mr. Pearce have I remarked a closer approach to really delicate and intense feeling both of nature and of humanity.

C. S. Reinhart: "Washed Ashore" (size, 6 feet by 6 feet 6 inches). The subject of this excellent picture was treated by Mr. Reinhart a few years ago in a black and white composition which had the honor of being reproduced in all the great illustrated papers of Europe and America. On the sand, against a background of cliffs and sea, a group of men and women is seen standing around the dead body of a sailor, which has been washed ashore, and lies there stiff and livid, the head resting on a log of wood which some pious hand has placed beneath it to render the aspect of the victim of the sea less horrible. The gendarme, with his yellow shoulder-belt crossing his dark blue uniform, and his sword at his side, is taking notes for the *procès-verbal*, and the sailors are telling all that they know about the sad affair. In the middle distance two old women, with their quaint white caps, stand looking on sympathetically, and one of them seems about to dry a tear of pity for the poor sea-waif, beside whose body a sailor kneels, cap in hand, in the attitude of prayer. Mr. Reinhart has a facility and a variety of composition, and above all a fertility of literary imagination, which have made him one of the great illustrators of the present day. He has an apparently endless store of observation, and withal a readiness of sympathy which enables him to embody immediately in graphic and eloquent form the real aspect of any scene or incident of life or of fiction. One is not therefore surprised to find in this picture of "Washed Ashore" these literary qualities, if I may so call them, of direct and immediately intelligible presentation of the story in all its details and antecedents and consequences. One admires the variety of the types of the sailors, and the distinct and carefully studied personality of each one of them. But in "Washed Ashore," besides the powerful composition and the fine study of character, we have to admire very serious qualities of painting which Mr. Reinhart, absorbed by incessant illustrative production, has not yet had an opportunity of displaying so completely and so brilliantly as in the present picture. Mr. Reinhart's second picture is an old Norman fisherman, entitled "Oiseau de Mer" (size, 3 feet by 4 feet six inches).

Edward Emerson Simmons: "Vieillard et Enfant." This picture represents an English cottage interior. A white-haired old man is seen seated on a chair and nursing a rosy baby; behind him is the window, with on the ledge a plant in a blue and white pot. The light strikes strongly from behind, and leaves the front view of the old man in shadow. This picture has a decided charm; it is very clever, and much of the painting in it is that of a virtuoso who knows how to render his virtuosité unobtrusive.

Julius L. Stewart: "A Portrait of Miss Stewart," a "nude study," and "Bougival." The pastel portrait is very clever and distinguished; the young lady is represented standing against a background of palms and plants; she is dressed in a pale blue dress with white tulle sleeves and a white sash, and in her right hand she holds a yellow tea-rose. "Bougival" represents a party of elegant pleasure-seekers on the banks of the Seine. The nude study shows a red-haired model lying on a divan laden with rich stuffs and velvets: it is a pretext for painting flesh against a background of rose, red, and white. Mr. Stewart's exhibit is very clever, but with the exception of the pastel portrait it is perhaps a little vulgar, a little wanting in refinement.

Julian Story: "Mlle. de Sombreuil on the Steps of the Abbaye Prison" (size, 16 feet by 13 feet). This is an immense historical picture, containing thirty or forty figures, and representing an episode of the French Revolution which is probably apocryphal, and which is certainly without authentic testimony. The Marquis de Sombreuil, governor of the Invalides, accused by the "septembriseurs," was imprisoned in the Abbaye in 1792, and saved from death by the devoted efforts of his daughter. Tradition says that Mlle. de Sombreuil ransomed her father's life by drinking a glass of human blood "à la santé de la nation" ("to the health of the nation"). Mr. Story has represented the marquis and his daughter standing on the steps of the Abbaye. The executioner is offering her a glass of blood, and the street is thronged by a howling and gesticulating mob. It is no easy matter to reconstitute an immense scene like this, and to render it dramatic, probable, and self-explanatory. Mr. Story has succeeded in his attempt. His picture represents a very considerable effort. The scene has been conceived with power and simplicity, and rendered with great technical skill. In these days of studies and impressions and hasty bits of cleverness we must not stint our applause to an artist who undertakes and carries out a composition of the importance of this "Episode of the French Revolution."

Eugene L. Vail: "Widowed." A fisherman's widow, clothed in black, is represented on the seashore looking toward the sea with anguish. She holds by the hand a little boy who seems indifferent and unconscious of his loss. The figures are life size, and tell in dark against a luminous sky.

Ogden Wood: "Le Marais du Nesle" (size, 5 feet 6 inches by 3 feet 6 inches). In a silvery landscape of rich Normandy meadows stretching away beneath an opalescent gray sky a red cow and a white cow are seen cooling their feet in a marshy pool; to the left is a black cow lying down and a red cow lowing; in the distance the meadow is dotted with cattle, and in the middle distance a clump of willows completes the composition. The landscape is charmingly fresh, and the whole picture is full of air. "Le Marais du Nesle" is the most important and ambitious picture which Mr. Wood has yet produced.

William Henry Howe: "Returning from Pasture" (size, 10 feet by 6 feet 6 inches). In the foreground a road broken up by ruts and water pools; seven cows straggling along homeward, followed by an old woman in the middle distance; to the left the grass-land slopes upward and the road winds back and up over a hill, above the crest of which the full-moon appears, only slightly veiled by a streak of violet-gray clouds. The sky is cold gray-blue, with just a suspicion of the approaching gloom of night. The effect which Mr. Howe has endeavored to render is one of the most fascinating, and at the same time one of the most subtle, that nature affords. He has treated it perhaps as well as his temperament would permit, but not well enough to merit high praise.

Henry Bisbing: "À la Barrière" (size, 6 feet 6 inches by 5 feet). A pleasing composition of cattle and landscape, more important than any of this artist's previous pictures, and displaying serious qualities of technique and sincere observation.

For various reasons I have been unable to see the following important pictures:

Alexander Harrison: "A Field of Indian-Corn" (size, 7 feet by 5 feet), with a figure of a girl in a sun-bonnet carrying a basket.

Charles H. Davis: an effect of afternoon sunlight over marsh-land and water (size, 6 feet 4 inches by 4 feet 3 inches).

Ruger Donoho: a landscape with the rising moon.

J. Gari Melchers: "In Holland" (size, 6 feet 6 inches by 10 feet). Two female figures in a dune landscape, with sand and sea-hollies in the foreground.

Ralph E. Clarkson: a street scene in Switzerland, with figures, and an effect of strong sunlight and deep shadow.

Among other American artists who will be represented by works at the Salon are Ch. Lasar; F. W. Stokes; Carl Gutherz, who sends two portraits; Miss Elizabeth Gardner, an "ideal head" and the "Farmer's Daughter"; Miss Elizabeth Strong, "Les Camarades"; Miss Kate A. Carl, portrait of a lady; Mrs. Vesta S. Simmons, a landscape; Mrs. Chadwick, a cottage interior; James M. Barnsley, two landscapes; Roswell Douglas Sawyer, two landscapes with sheep; Ralph W. Curtis, a Venetian scene; G. P. A. Healy, portraits; Ch. E. Dana, a series of water-colors. In short, we may already say that in point of numbers the Americans will, as usual, head the list of foreign artists exhibiting in the Paris Salon.

Theodore Child.

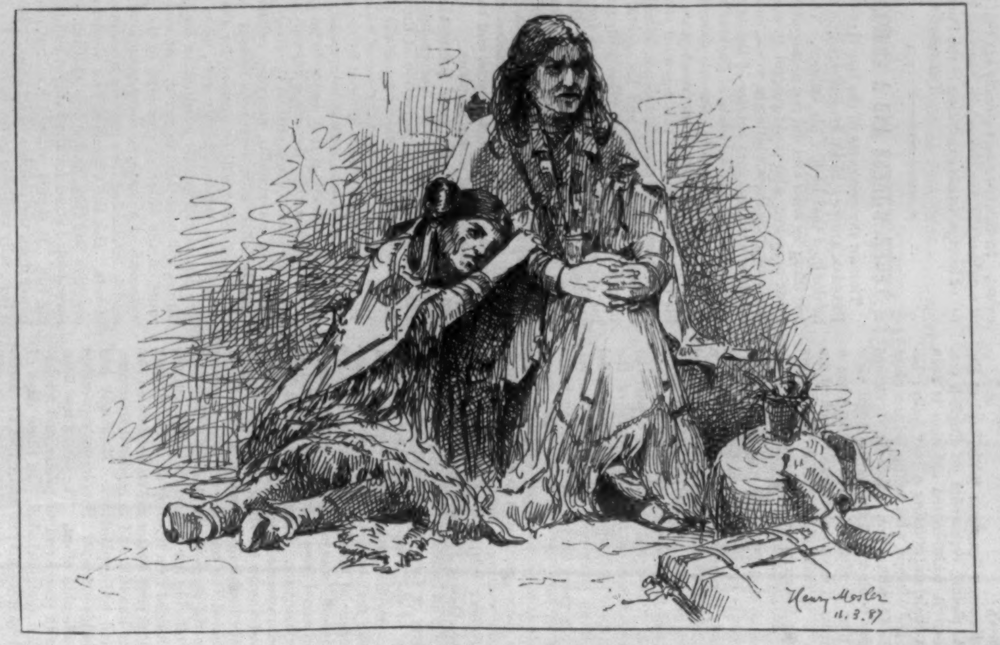
THREE WHEELS AND A COMPANION.

Though the successes of the late Henry Ward Beecher are now most remembered, it will not be doubted that he had his failures. There was one thing he tried and did not accomplish. The great preacher, who could control thousands of men and guide them whither he would, succumbed to the silent steel and rubber of the tricycle in the quiet of his own grounds at Peekskill. Half pathetic and half comical was his description in an unpublished letter, some three years ago, of his effort at mastery of this wayward vehicle, its playfulness on the gravelled slopes, its sudden attractions to the hedges, and his mental curves toward the conclusion that velocipeding was not his forte, though it might be good for others. He had but to control himself, for the wheel listeth not whither it goeth, but is obedient to the hands and feet of the rider. It is not always easy for the powerful to handle themselves. Twenty years ago Beecher predicted that the coming man would ride a bicycle, and thus took a place among the minor prophets.

One notes now with more interest how the success of the bicycle in its modern development has brought along the perfection of the tricycle, first as a companion vehicle especially suited to timid and elderly men, to the use of which these latter were indeed much induced by the example of the younger, who took it as a variety mount. There are indications that as the bateau became more common than the canoe on our rivers, so the tricycle will be accepted on our roads as preferable for its stability, carrying capacity, and manageability with less requirement of skill. Not that bicycles will be disused, for the charm of their freer motion, higher seat, more responsive pedals, and greater possibilities for the venturous, will hold them in vogue. As there is nothing on the water so charming to the genuine waterman as a canoe, so there is nothing on the land so fascinating for a genuine wheelman as the bicycle. But the tricycle is now almost equally sensitive and fleet, and is less skittish. It is a surer-footed steed for the twilight and the evening run. It stands without hitching, and waits better upon the motions of its rider. Moreover, it is equally available to the ladies. By it many a lady can "keep her carriage" who could not otherwise, and can have her outing too, with the exercise of her own deftness of foot and hand and prowess of muscle and sinew.

As there is not much that is enjoyable without companionship, so there are few diversions that

[Continued on page 340.]


Henry Mosler
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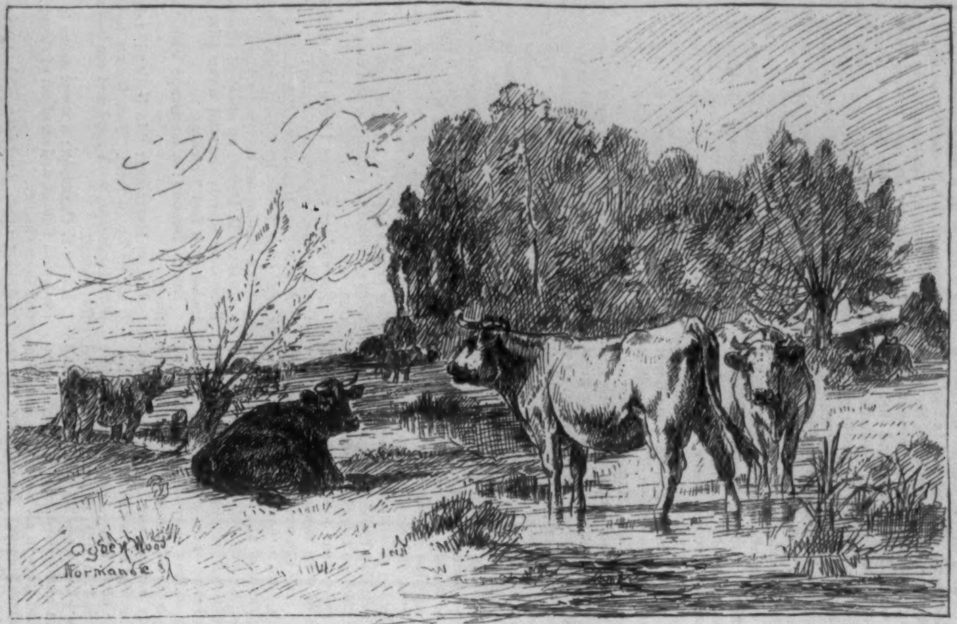
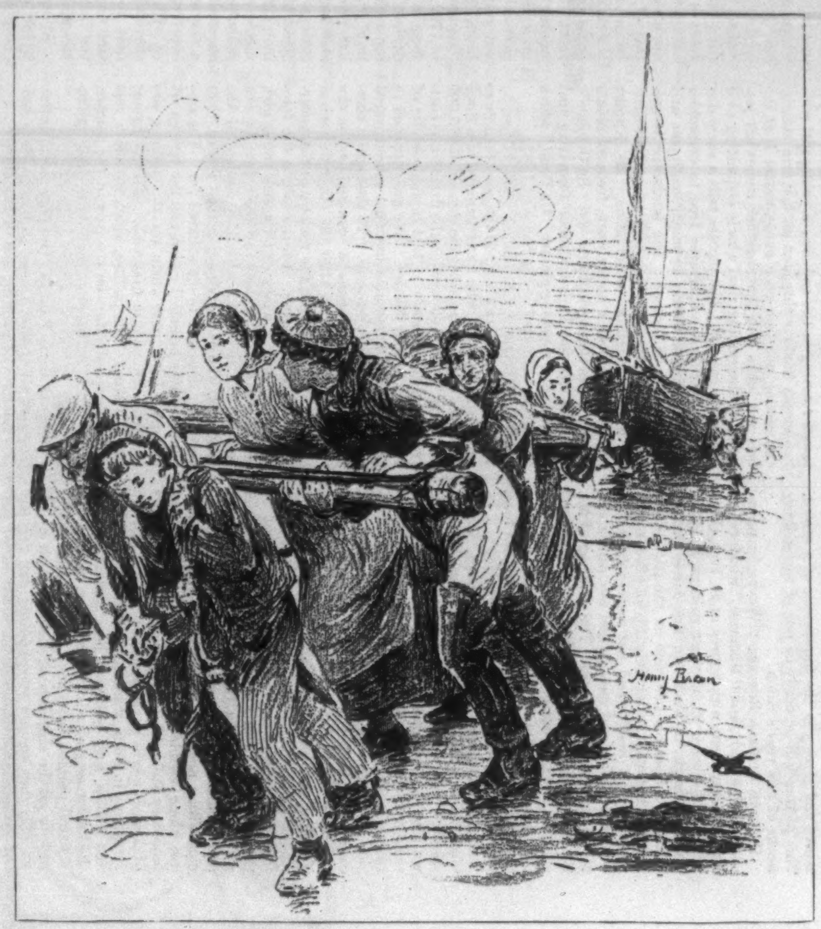
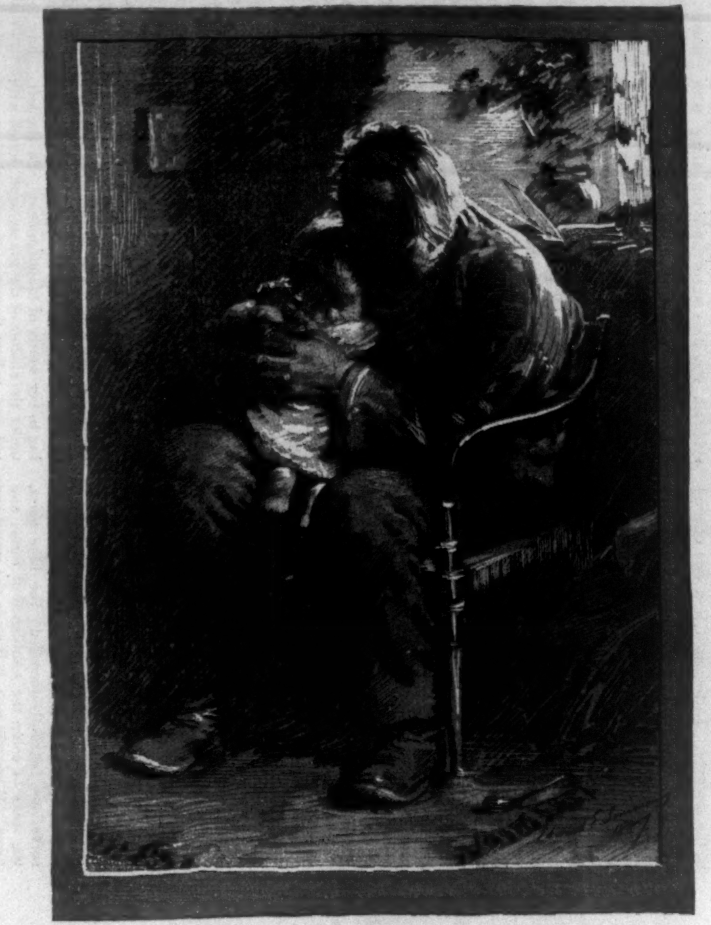
"ABANDONED" (FRAGMENT).—BY HENRY MOSLER.


Ogden Wood
Normandie

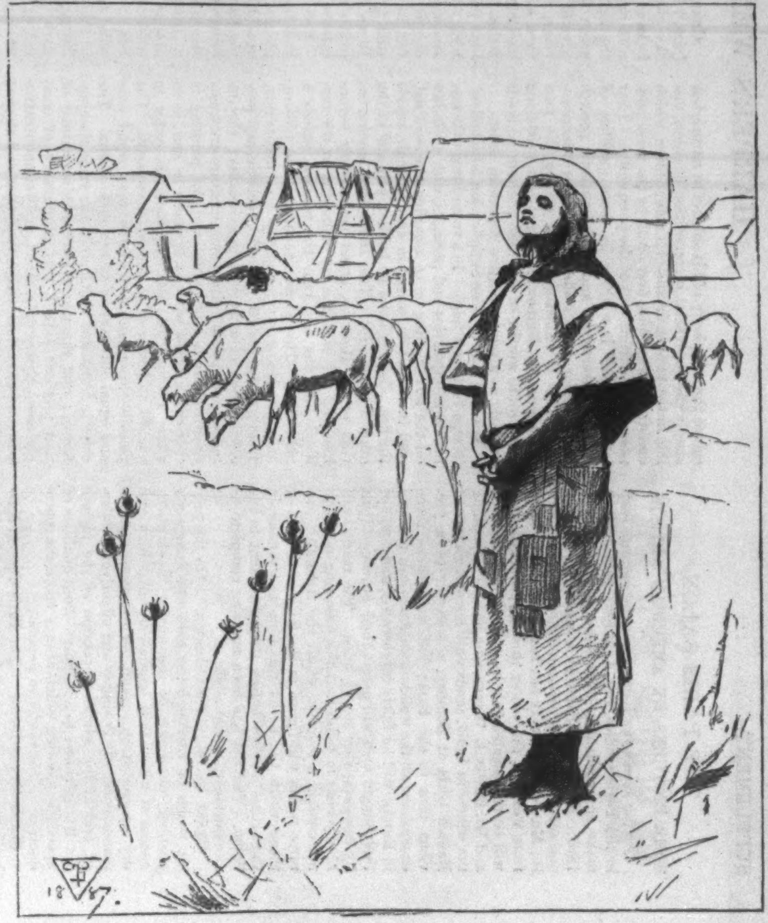
"LE MARAIS DU NESLE."—BY OGDEN WOOD.


Henry Bacon

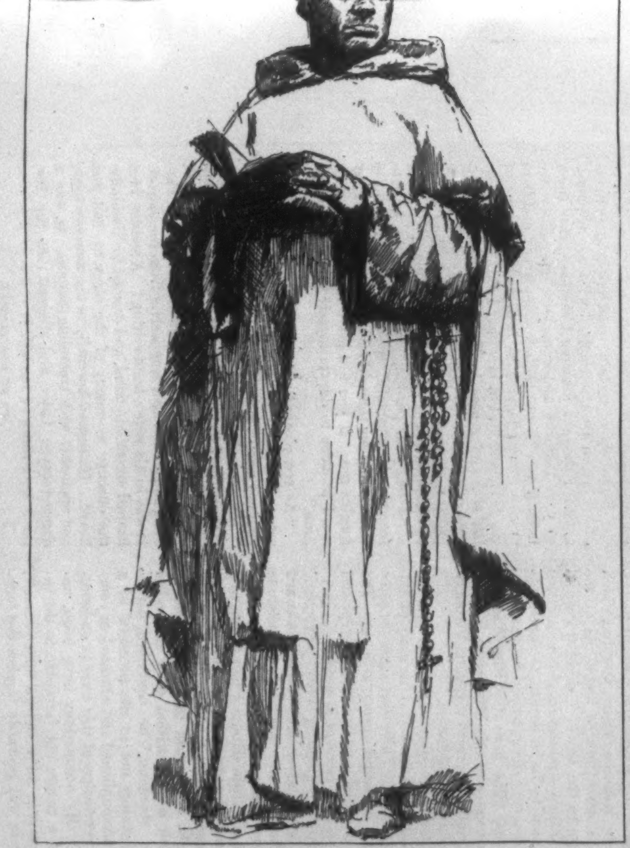
"AU CABESTAN."—BY HENRY BACON.



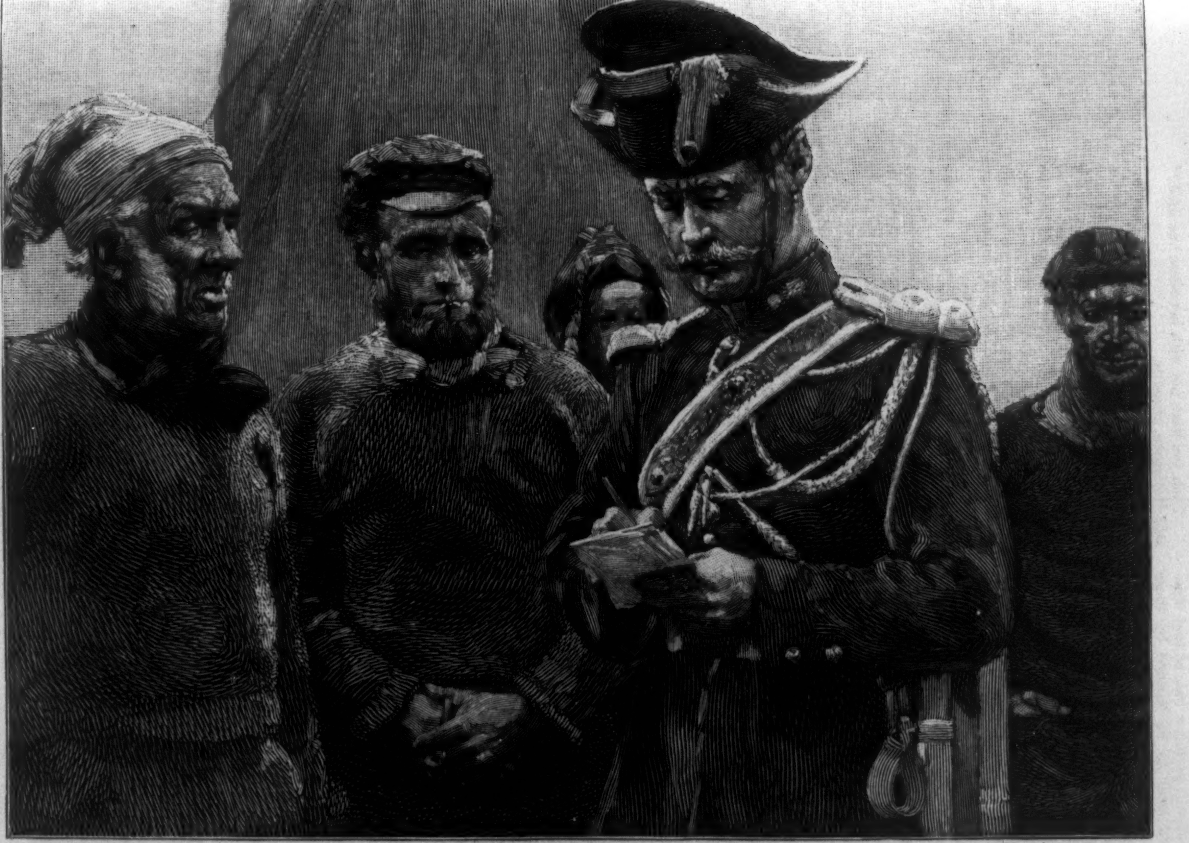
"VIEILLARD ET ENFANT."—BY EDWARD EMERSON SIMMONS.



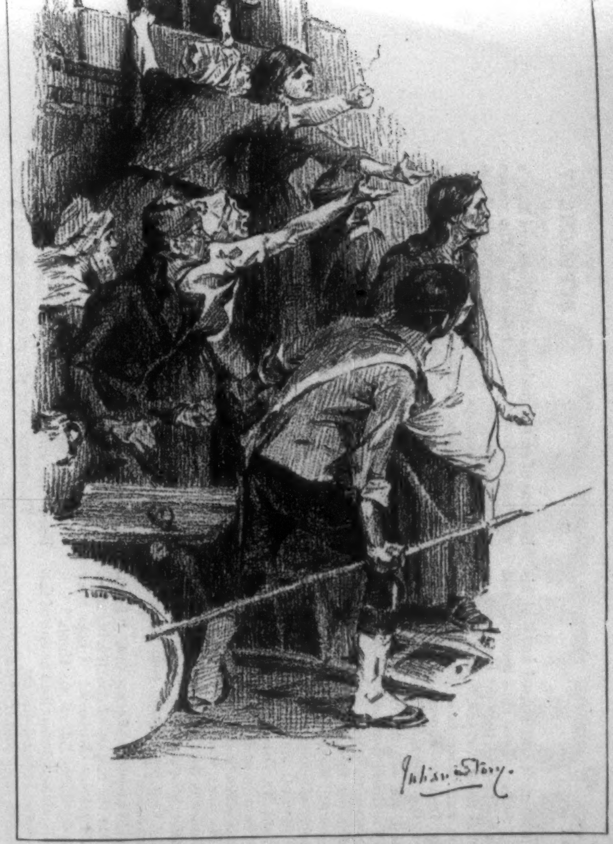
"ST. GENEVIEVE."—BY CHARLES SPRAGUE PEARCE.



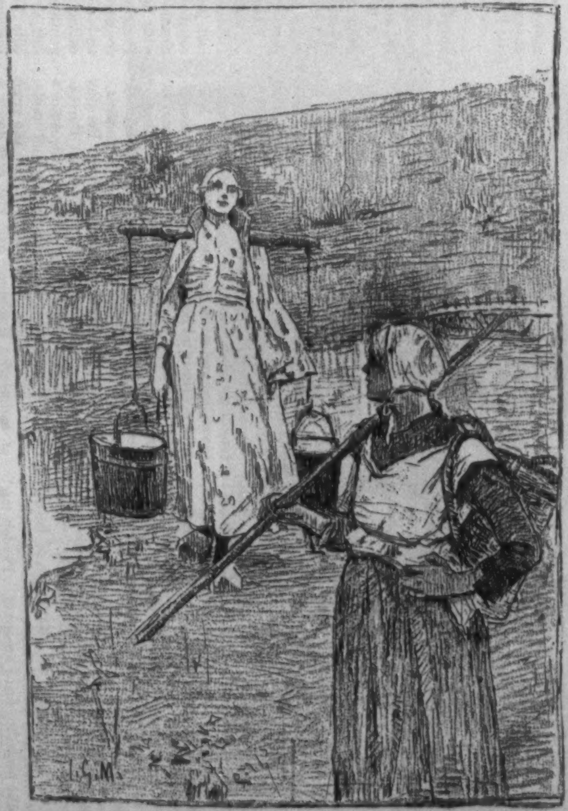
"UNE SUPPLICATION A RICHELIEU" (Fragment).—By Walker Gay.



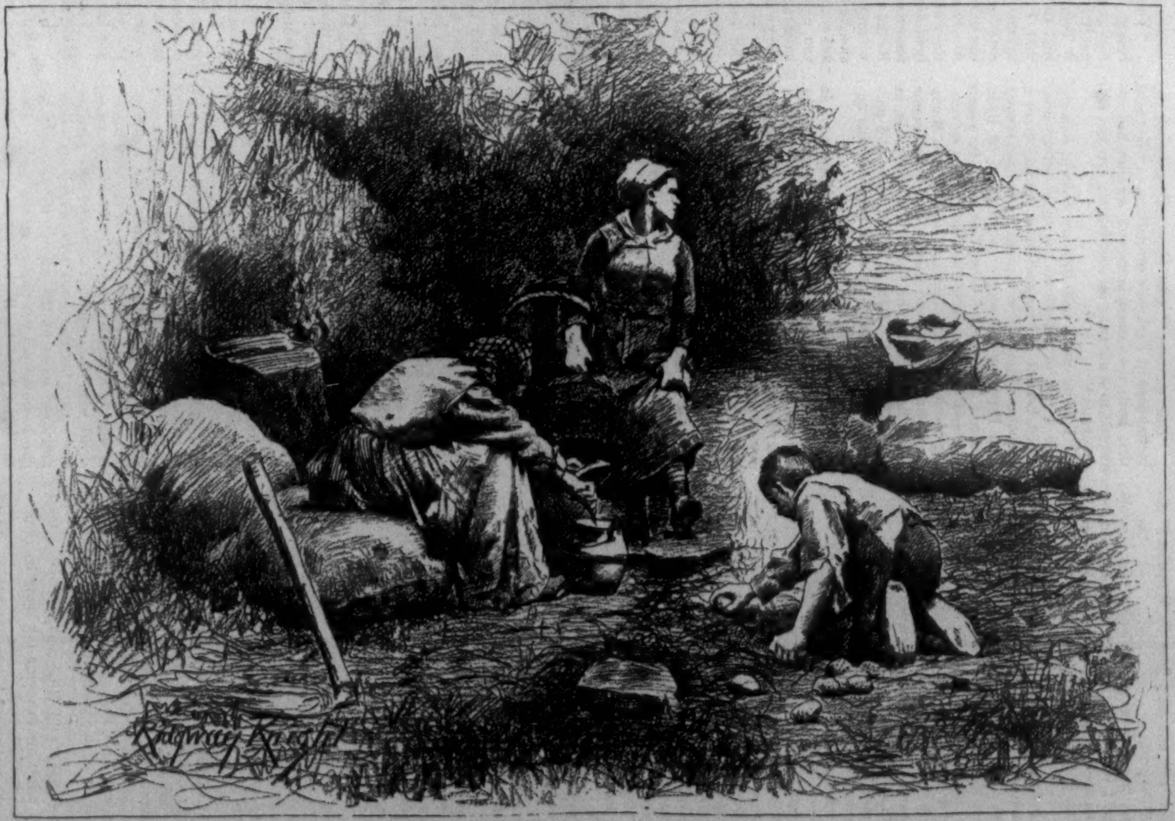
"WASHED ASHORE" (Fragment).—By C. S. Reinhart.



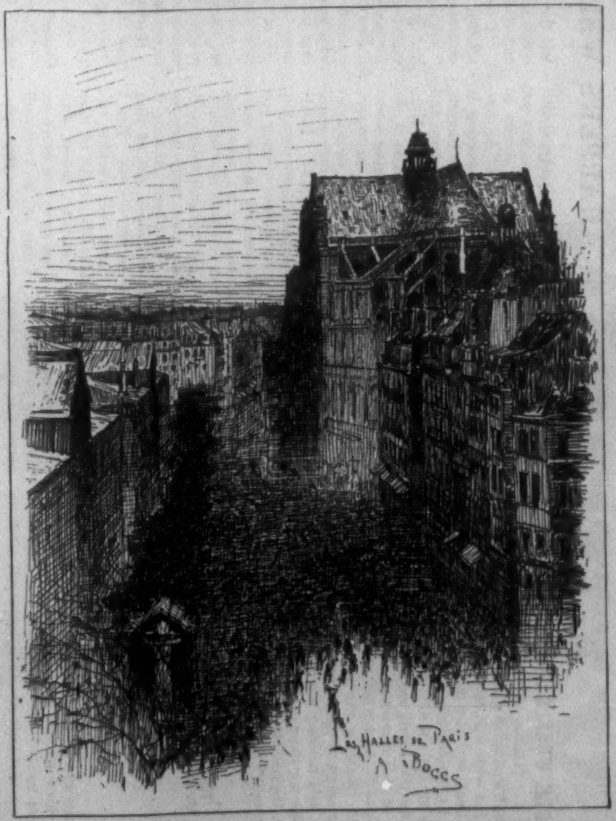
"MLLE. DE SOMBREUIL ON THE STEPS OF THE ABBAYE PRISON" (Fragment).—By Julian Story.



"IN HOLLAND."—By J. Gari Melchers.



"IN OCTOBER."—By D. Ridgway Knight.



"THE PARIS CENTRAL MARKET."—By Frank Myers Boggs.

PICTURES BY AMERICAN ARTISTS IN THE PARIS SALON OF 1887.—[See Page 337.]